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An American's Views on English Unemployment

By Professor E. WIGHT BAKKE

Broadcast on September 8 by Professor Bakke, a Fellow of Jonathan Edwards College and Director of Unemployment Studies in the Institute of Human Relations, Yale

DURING my short stay in England some of the questions put to me, with the obvious expectancy that an authoritative reply would be forthcoming, have caused me to think of the saying of one of our wits, ‘An expert is an ordinary man away from home’. Fortunately, the question put to me by the B.B.C. as the subject for this brief talk does not require that I assume the pose of an expert. I have been requested to give you briefly and frankly my impressions of the unemployed and their problem from the background of my recent associations with these friends of mine. I wonder if you could forget for the time being that I am an American commenting upon and criticising English ways, and consider me a student as interested as you are in discovering the most effective methods of dealing with a world-wide problem?

Workers' Attitude to the Means Test

The outstanding change in the circumstances of the unemployed since my visit in 1931 has been the development of the Means Test. Let me very briefly place before you what seemed to me to be the most important characteristic attitude of the workers toward it. If I were to put into one sentence the consensus of opinion among workers it would be, ‘We'll put up with it’. I have heard workers faintly supporting the test by arguments handed to them from outside their own experience. I have heard

of the man with six houses and his colleague with £2,000 in the bank from one end of England to the other. I have found myself growing warm that such obvious exceptions should be used to win the support of workers. For the Means Test turns out in practice to be not a searching of bank vaults and real estate records but a searching of the none-too-adequately filled pockets of relatives of unemployed householders. I am not unaware, and English workmen are not unaware, of the financial and administrative reasons for the application of a Means Test. Nevertheless, back of the statement, ‘We'll put up with it’, is a quiet but firm resentment. Beneath the welter of political word-throwing, what is the basis of that resentment? The first basis is the realisation that one has suddenly been thrown into another class—a less eligible and less secure class. As one engineer said to me, ‘It definitely gives you the idea that you aren't so good as some, and that's a sad thing to happen, mate. You say to yourself that there are many good men in the same fix, but it is small comfort. The shock goes right through that kind of thinking’. The filling out of forms, the recurrent knocking of the investigator at one's door, the knowledge that all eyes in the street are on that investigator, the close association with the Public Assistance Committees, the experience of having the public eye on one's private affairs—all of these are symbols of one's new classification. It may be desirable that at some point men should have to face the fact that they are in a definitely less eligible class, but it is questionable whether a line which has, at times, relegated nearly one-

half of the unemployed to the less eligible group conforms with the facts of industrial employability.

The second reason for opposition is that, with a Means Test just around the corner, one's position is less secure. At any time new rules for the assessment of means may be made, or one's status brought up for review. The security of unemployment benefit with its privileges and sureness is gone. I have visited with the investigators the homes of men on transitional payments and this is the dominant impression that I carry away with me: the uneasiness and the insecurity mirrored in the faces of, and in the questions asked by, people who never seemed to be able to settle back comfortably in their chairs while the investigator was in the room.

Opposition to the Means Test is based, in the third place, upon the fact that it cuts ruthlessly across normal social desires and relationships. The best known example of this situation is the case of young people who are required to put most of their earnings into the common pool. I believe the claim that young men are going into lodgings in order to escape paying their wages into the family exchequer is largely exaggerated. The number who have left home is small compared to those who might have done so. The majority of young men are sticking by their parents, but they are doing so at the sacrifice of their own futures. It has made me smile when public assistance officials have said, 'Of course, if a young man is contemplating marriage, we take that fact into consideration', as though it were rather an unusual thing that a young man should be thinking of becoming a husband. This fact, that the Means Test cuts across such normal desires and relationships as this, is, I think, the most constantly recurring criticism of the whole plan.

A Significant Symbolism

Another and a most significant factor in opposition to the Means Test is that it symbolises for many an increasing oppression of the working class. This symbolism is important. 'In 1931 the Means Test symbolised for workers *our* part in a nation-wide sacrifice to avoid national bankruptcy'. As such it was borne. Its continuance today against a background of tremendous expenditures for armaments and air defences, of budget surplus, reports of reviving trade, and reductions in income-tax rates symbolises an entirely different thing. It is grouped with numerous other experiences which, in their cumulative force, say to the worker, 'The picture which the socialists paint of society and its conflicting groups appears to fit these facts'.

There are many other objections to the Means Test. These seem to me to be the most significant. Much has been done to liberalise the terms of administration, but it would be unreasonable to expect more than 'We'll put up with it' from the unemployed man. Probably he is willing to put up with it, because his adjustments to unemployment itself have been so severe, his uselessness, his lack of importance, have already cut so deeply into his spirit that one thing more to put up with doesn't seem overwhelmingly important. But so long as the Means Test remains, its throwing of men into a less eligible class, the uneasiness and insecurity which it creates, the ruthlessness with which it cuts across normal social desires and relationships, and the symbolism of ruling class pressure which it assumes will continue to make it a source of smouldering, but potentially powerful resentment. That is my first impression.

The second impression is that an increasing number of the jobless are adjusting themselves, or possibly I should say resigning themselves, to the condition: no job, but a dole. These are just a few of the many indications. A Welsh miner says that a job means to him primarily a chance to get back on regular benefit. Groups of young men in Durham talk together in their clubs like old pensioners about the good old days. A Chester-le-Street miner rejoices over the fact that he

has increased his transitional payments by the simple expedient of asking for a final payment rather than periodic payment of his compensation. An engineer in Sheffield lays up a large stock of clothes while he has a spell of work because when he is on the dole he cannot afford clothes. Workers who have been without jobs for long periods in all parts of the country begin to look upon the protection of their benefit at a maximum as their main object. They begin to identify themselves not with the industrial army and its problems, but with those who have been retired from that army. These men have taken a long step toward organising their life activities and attitudes on the basis of 'No work, but a dole'. It is my impression that the number of these is increasing.

Will to Retain Independence and Self-Respect

I am not aligning myself with those who say that the unemployed have given up, and don't want to work, and are contented with their lot. In the face of the inability of industry to offer them jobs, they would go mad if they did not adjust themselves to the situation. But giving up is not the only alternative. The hundreds of thousands of men in all parts of the country who have set to work on their own in their clubs, on their allotments or on small holdings would, I think, far outnumber those who have slumped down with scarcely enough energy left to light their fags. The work which is being done in these directions and the response to it is heartening. It is indicative of a determination on the part of the unemployed to adjust themselves to a lack of jobs in a sound and courageous way indicating a will to retain as much of their independence and self-respect as an imperfect industrial system will allow them to retain.

Furthermore, I am not implying that this adjustment has been caused by unemployment benefit and relief, and that since men can get more from relief services than they can on the job, those services have taken all incentive out of them.

Social Services in England

It is true that you in England have an increasingly efficient body of social services, and an increasing understanding on the part of the administrators of these services of what is needed to keep body and soul together. It is true that many jobs offer scarcely as much as this minimum allowance for physical life. But is that situation an indictment of the social services or is it an indictment of the industry which can offer to men no reward greater than merely being kept alive?

My associations with the British unemployed man makes me certain of one thing: we shall never restore to men the initiative, ambition and independence they had as workers by pulling unemployment insurance or relief out from under them. Those qualities are the outgrowth of work. The only way to restore them is to restore work. The unemployed have had to build their social houses on the wooden blocks of the dole instead of the bricks and mortar of jobs and wages. The former houses have not been as steady and stable as those built on the better foundations. But imagine the sort of structures which would have been built if even the wooden blocks had been taken away and nothing but sand left. If we want the unemployed to have the sort of character workers have, we shall have to give them work.

And that leads me to my third impression. It is this: a satisfactory social life cannot be organised on the basis of enforced idleness plus unemployment relief. All relationships and activities—home life, recreation, religious faith and activities, politics—are built upon the sort of self-maintenance conditions under which we live. All of our folk ways and social customs assume that men and women have jobs to do and that these jobs provide them with a living. But we are facing now in certain districts of the country and among certain groups in all districts

(Continued on page 458)

'Guaranteed Bittered Entirely With Hops!'

By CLARISSA AIKEN

On Saturday next a microphone 'excursion' will be made to the hop-gardens of Kent

THE invasion of hop-pickers in the hop-growing districts of England is regarded by some as manna from heaven, by others as a plague of locusts. To the first category belong the children who go off 'hopping', for their school holiday coincides with the hop-picking season. To the second category belong housewives and shopkeepers. About August 25, housewives begin to hide their silver and their babies, and find that their help is being enticed away to the hop-gardens, while the shopkeepers, although doing a brisk trade, cannot forget how they once had to protect their counters with wire netting against the attentions of 'foreigners', as the London pickers are called. 'The foreigners make the better pickers', said one hop-grower, adding significantly, 'they are nippier with their fingers'.

Sprees and Sing-Songs

It is said that the roads of Kent followed the tracks made by jolly hop-pickers of the past staggering home from 'The Old Hop Pole', as many village inns are called in the hop-growing districts. Judging from the corkscrew bends on these Kentish roads, the pickers must have cultivated these jollifications

as intensively as the hop-gardens are now cultivated. Most Kent and Sussex pub-keepers are reinforced by a local policeman during the season, for while the pickers seldom wander far or alone from their camp except to the nearest pub,



Hopper outside his hut

Photographs: Ursula Hartleben



Hop-pickers' Chorus rehearsing for their contribution to the broadcast programme

their Saturday night sprees and sing-songs there are generally swelled by friends from town, who run into tens of thousands. In the old days, the military had to be called out, for the hop-pickers' weekends have always been celebrated with bean-feasts certain to result in riots if interfered with.

Autumn Exodus

The migration of over 70,000 pickers from East and South London to the hop-gardens looks like an hegira of refugees from a war-stricken or earthquake zone. All their household articles accompany them, and there is little 'Care: Right Side Up' about their packing. Prams and baths are stuffed with pots and baskets, clothing and chairs, cold joints and bread, umbrellas and bottles (for the baby as well as for the old man). Some

travel by road, others by rail. Four families usually rent a lorry for £6 return. They pile their possessions in any old thing on wheels—fruit vans, motor-cars and bikes, caravans, coster carts, and then ride on top, singing for all they're worth. Among those who travel by rail are some who prefer to 'go respectable' and pay full fare. Others are only too happy to avail themselves of the Hop-pickers' Special with a third reduction in fares and generous allowance for children and luggage. The Hop-pickers' Transport Committee, consisting of the railroad, farmers, and welfare workers, runs 160 special trains every season, and for every 400 passengers there are three large luggage vans.

To anyone watching the hop-pickers depart from London in the dead of night, packed like sardines in the coaches, and with little prospect of sleep, the scene might suggest a disgraceful conspiracy between the farmers and the railroad to transport cheap labour to the hop-gardens. One asks whether the pickers are not merely being hypnotised into considering it all a lark! Such an impression might have been justified ten years ago, when wages and living conditions were indeed shocking, and epidemics of cholera, typhoid, and scarlet fever common. But except for strikes here and there, and grumbling during wet seasons, conditions have brightened, both physically and financially. No better evidence is needed than that the same families generally pick hops at the same farms, year after year.

Welfare Work in the Hop-Gardens

Today a 'good' hop-garden has its own doctor, nurse, cook-house, and 'hot water man'. The Salvation Army and the Church of England Missions have formed a Hop-pickers' Medical Board, and dispense free medical service. It is now the exception for a hop-farm not to have water laid on, and every encampment must be provided with a covered-in cooking-house made of corrugated iron, with a fireplace for every fifteen persons. When there is an overflow in the huts, bell tents are pitched, or sometimes 'binders' are made of bent hazel branches covered with old rugs or tarpaulin. Before this antique sample in shelters on one Sussex hop-farm, the writer saw a little white fox-terrier guarding his palace with the dignified air of one in long tenure.

One of the charms of an English hop-garden is the domestic scene out-of-doors and the contrast between graceful arch-ways of hop blossoms and roughly dressed pickers with swarthy faces and raucous voices. Sounds like a gipsy chorus out of 'Carmen' break the rural silence—dogs barking, infants howling, children chattering, and parents singing. Here are gathered workers of all ages, in all postures, dressed in all the styles in history. Whole families, often three generations, preside over one bin. When the sun gets too hot, father ties the family umbrella to a hop pole so that mother can work in the shade. The infants are parked on rugs or doze in prams, the soporific effect of hops making lullabies unnecessary. Incidentally, these prams convey the day's needs in kitchen utensils as well as human baggage from hut to field. Children make play of their work, and are on the whole more of a hindrance than a help for, determined to extract the most out of their novel environment, they fall from trees or wallow in muddy dykes. Grandfather and grandmother work side by side, the former stone deaf and wearing his side-whiskers proudly, the latter's head swathed and her arms encased in an old pair of black stockings cut off at the ankle.

In a lane near one hop-garden, the writer saw what looked like a country fair going on. There were rows of market carts heaped high with produce, which was being sold to the pickers. The haggling over prices was a liberal education to the unpractised ear. After the day's work is over, the pickers fish along the brooks, or have more sing-songs around a gipsy fire, under the moonlight.

What the Picker Earns

A good male picker makes ten shillings a day, a good female picker from five to eight. The average 'tally' is two-and-three

per dozen bushels, three in case of a red spider plague. Except for the bin-man or 'pole-puller', who is paid by the day, the pickers' tally is not fixed in advance but decided upon as the farmer sees how his hops are going. If a striker succumbs to rumours of higher wages elsewhere, his first employer can pay him off at a shilling per dozen bushels. Naturally skill and the amount of time put in at the bin dictate the pickers' profits. A native family consisting of mother and three boys has made as much as £20 a season, but half this amount is more usual. An average small family of 'foreigners', being more 'nippy' with their fingers, make about fourteen shillings a day, which totals £11 9s. in a 21-day season. Out of this comes £1 10s. for travelling expenses, and there is the food bill. Also, since father made his money out of hops, he must spend some on beer.

Hops Marketing Board and the Farmer

The farmer also fares better today. He is now protected against losses by the Marketing Board, which has put him on the basic quota system. This means that he may grow hops on (usually) twelve acres, yielding a ton to an acre, and that for five years his crops are guaranteed to fetch £9 at market. This year the brewers' requirements call for 97 per cent. of all basic quota yields, a system which prevents disasters such as occurred between the years 1925-29, when about £12,000,000 was lost because excessive crops had to be destroyed. All hops must be brought to market to be sold, a rule which was broken in 1800 by one Kentish grower, who was fined £500 and imprisoned for a month for anticipating the market.

The label reading 'Guaranteed bittered entirely with hops' on many bottles of beer is a tradition that is only 400 years old. For the ancient malted beverage of the Anglo-Saxons and English was certainly ale and not flavoured with hops. There is some dispute as to when hops were first used in England for brewing, but they were introduced into this country from Flanders about 1524, and mentioned in the following recipe given in Richard Arnold's Chronicle, first published in 1502:

'To brewe Beer, x quarters malte, ij quarters wheet, ij quarters ootes, xl ll' weight of hoppys. To make lx barells of sengyll beer'.

The Hop in History

The hop existed in Europe previous to the arrival of the Aryans, and was known in Europe and Asia before it was used in brewing, and a hop-garden is first mentioned in 768 in a deed of gift made by Pepin, father of Charlemagne. The cultivation of hops for the manufacture of beer began in the eighth century, but until the sixteenth century they were grown to a limited extent and for private consumption only. After the beginning of the seventeenth century, their cultivation increased rapidly, although up until about sixty years ago the methods of cultivation and drying had not changed. The Belgians eat the young tender tops like asparagus in spring, the hop plant being forced from December to February. The flower is used also as medicine for pestilential fevers, scurvy, etc., and put into a pillow it is of course widely believed to send the most hopeless insomniac to sleep.

Despite the drought, this year's crop promises a good yield for all those engaged in the hop-picking industry (except the aphides and red spider), and the hop-pickers will no doubt go back to London tired and sticky and badly in need of a bath, but with money weighing down their pockets, and guaranteed bettered by hops.

A number of cheap editions of recent biographies have been issued by Longmans. These include Milton Waldman's *Elizabeth* (5s.) and E. F. Benson's *King Edward VII* (5s.), Mary Trevelyan's *William III and the Defence of Holland* (5s.), and the *Memoirs of the Baron de Marbot* (2 vols. 3s. 6d. each), describing the campaigns of Napoleon. C. E. M. Joad's 'belligerent autobiography' *Under the Fifth Rib* has come out at 5s. (Faber), and Watts have republished the veteran American lawyer Clarence Darrow's study of *Crime—Its Cause and Treatment* at 2s. 6d.



Off to 'The Old Hop Pole'?



A young apprentice

Photographs: Ursula Hartleben



'Hop-pickers' Special'

Fox Photos

Don Quixote in Andorra

By E. MANUEL

An account of the adventurer who tried this summer to become King Boris I of Andorra

THE tiny State in the Pyrenees between France and Spain, with its thirty-nine communes, villages and hamlets, which has a population of scarcely more than seven thousand people, seems to cherish a secret ambition—to startle the world from time to time with a sensation fresh from Andorra! Indeed, malicious tongues have it that these sensations are connected with tourist propaganda in favour of Andorra. Last year it was a small political revolution; then there followed a few months ago several expulsions of Spaniards from the territory which caused a great stir in Spain. A prominent Barcelona journal spoke of the 'new Gibraltar in the Pyrenees' and protested against the complete elimination of Spanish influence in Andorra by French political intrigues.

For this small State, which has never been involved in any war since the reign of Charlemagne, has retained its independence ever since the year 819, when the Moors were driven out. But this autonomous republic is under the suzerainty of the Spanish bishop of Seo de Urgel and the French Prefect of the department of Ariège, Lower Pyrenees, who are called *Co-Principes*. The two *Co-Principes* each nominate one representative (*viguier*). These *viguers* exercise a direct influence over the *Consejo General* of Andorra, which consists of twenty-four members and meets three times annually. While in earlier decades Spain's influence was considerably stronger and the Bishop of Urgel even issued decrees, which were enforced without the French prefect, in more recent times French in-

fluence has predominated, although the official language of Andorra is the Catalan dialect of Spanish.

Andorra, which, in spite of its patriarchal system of government, is one of the few countries that know neither social conflicts nor the effects of the world economic crisis, has now become the object of kingly aspirations. Several months ago a Catalan millionaire (others maintain that he came from Czechoslovakia) laid a motion before the Council of Andorra by which he should assume the rule of the country as the King of Andorra upon payment of three million pesetas, for a trial period of five years. But Andorra, since it has not experienced the financial worries that afflict other States today and is in a position to keep its house in order by merely levying an annual tax of ten pesetas on each inhabitant, could afford to decline the sale of its 'independence'. Yet now another man has tried to realise this same fantastic idea by different methods—an adventurer from Vilna, who had recently been working in Andorra itself as a schoolmaster. This man, who falsely assumed the title of Baron, gave himself out as the governor on behalf of the Duc de Guise, the pretender to the French throne. The new 'King of Andorra' made a proclamation to his people which began with the words:



'King Boris I of Andorra'

The adventurer Skossyreff, who proclaimed himself as King of Andorra, after his arrest

Governor of His Majesty the King of France, hereby doth proclaim the constitution of the State of Andorra'. In this constitution the formation of a government consisting of three Ministers was decreed, these to be responsible to the



Andorra La Vieja—the Capital of Andorra

Parliament of Andorra which was to be elected forthwith. The King was to undertake the creation of a national army of six hundred men. (The present 'standing army' of Andorra consists of eleven men, to wit, a captain, four officers and six corporals; the captain was formerly a carman and then became a judge, and combined with both these successive occupations, according to Andorran rumours, that of tobacco-smuggler.) The King also retained for himself the right of dealing with foreign relations on behalf of Andorra. The King of Andorra was to become a permanent member of

and affable. He told us that, although he was Dutch by nationality, he had spent the greater part of his life in England, where he had among other things served in the Royal Navy: according to his own statement, he had been captain. During the War he said he had fought in the English ranks against Germany and had led armoured-car columns. He produced a valid Dutch passport, which—so he said—had been drawn up for him by the Queen of Holland herself. Boris maintained that the *coup d'état* he had planned would have been very advantageous from the Spanish point of view; he knew the



The President and Councillors of the Andorran Parliament, which has twenty-four members—

the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva. And of course the King was also to have always the right to dissolve Parliament. Besides this constitution, the King of Andorra issued a further decree by which he, magnanimous sovereign that he was, granted an amnesty to all social prisoners and malefactors.

In Spain the news of the new King of Andorra, who, driven out of Andorra, issued his royal decrees from the Spanish frontier-town, Seo de Urgel, was received at first with complete good humour as a great joke. But when it transpired that here was not a case of a novel advertisement for a new Chevalier film in Ruritanian surroundings, but that the kingly aspirant was setting to work to enlist a bodyguard for himself and had by decree declared war on the Spanish *Co-Principe* of Andorra, the Bishop of Urgel, the Spanish Government had the musical-comedy sovereign arrested and thrown into prison at Madrid.

On his journey through Barcelona, a big reception was given in his honour by the Press. The name of the King of Andorra, according to his passport, is Boris Skossyreff, born at Vilna (Lithuania) in 1896, Dutch nationality. Profession, according to the same passport, journalist. He is of tall stature, very sun-burnt, very elegantly dressed, and he always wears a monocle. He speaks twelve languages, and among them has a perfect command of Spanish.

It soon came out that this self-styled Baron had already been expelled from Spain as an undesirable as early as December, 1932. At that time he was living with an American heiress called Florence Marmon, owner of big motor-car factories in the States, on the Spanish island of Majorca; and this lady declared, at the moment of the *coup d'état*, that she considered the Baron's campaign for the liberation of the people of Andorra a vital necessity, to free the country from an antiquated system of government. This American lady, who is no longer young but is very rich, seems to have been consumed with an ambition to become a queen, and she it was who financed this 'King's dream'. Boris, who, in spite of his arrest, was allowed to receive representatives of the Press in Barcelona as well as in Madrid, proved to be very talkative

ambitions of other countries, and would have strewn obstacles in their path. Boris explained that he was specially delegated by the Duc de Guise to deal with the affairs of Andorra, and that he had been proclaimed King of Andorra on July 11. He had made himself King of Andorra in order to thwart the manoeuvres of a certain other State, and was, had always been, 'on the side of Spain'. On the other hand he asserted that he was the governor on behalf of the King of France and would remain loyal to him, and that the moment France changed its rule for a monarchy (which event he evidently held to be imminent) he would hand over his power to the French King. To ascend his 'throne of Andorra', he had enrolled six hundred Spanish volunteers. He had many friends in France, though he had apparently been expelled from there also. He told his audience that a short time ago the secretary of a millionaire named Walliman, who lived in Madrid, had given the Council of Andorra the sum of half a million pesetas in return for a concession to

run the postal service in Andorra. After the Council of Andorra had received the money for the exploitation and concession of the Andorra mails, the millionaire's secretary had been turned out of Andorra. It was with the intention of sweeping away such instances of maladministration, and also in order to secure to foreigners living in Andorra their right to make a livelihood, that he had wished to ascend the throne. If they were again going to turn him out of Spain, he wanted to return to Andorra



—and the Andorran House of Parliament

Photographs: Paul Popper.

by aeroplane. In answer to an objection that he would once more be expelled from Andorra, the unsuccessful throne-seeker replied that he would then seek support in France and be proclaimed Monarch of Andorra from his domicile in France. He regretted greatly that on the very day of his arrest by the Spanish police he was about to deliver an harangue in several languages to his people for a certain American talkie weekly. Boris, who behaves in every way like a gentleman and speaks an English that is innocent of any accent, would have it that he had been assisted in his efforts by all and sundry, including an Englishman and an American who was going to put his case before President Roosevelt immediately on his return to the States. He singled

out the Bishop of Seo de Urgel, the Spanish *Co-Principe* in Andorra, as the object of his special hatred.

In Madrid he said, 'I wish to convince the Spanish Government that the bishop is about to betray Andorra altogether to France. The expulsions of Spaniards from Andorra are increasing daily. The bishop's main concern is the property which is owned by the monks of Montserrat in Andorra, which include the hotel, the garage and the picture-house. I wish to defend this country against his machinations, and so I declared war on the Bishop of Seo de Urgel, and in this I am supported by England and America. The bishop has no desire to defend either the Andorrans or Spain. Another thing is that I am a lucky man, and trust my luck. I shall sacrifice my life to rescue Andorra', he concluded rhetorically.

In Spain the self-styled Baron's plans to ascend the throne

are certainly not being taken too seriously: he is there compared with that tragic figure of knighthood, Don Quixote. Yet it was thought prudent to forestall any outrages or riots on the part of the small army which was being maintained with the money of his American companion by ending the comedy with the arrest of the Gilbertian king.

The adventurer can now reflect on the failure of his plan to conquer the beautiful valleys and mountains of Andorra in a cell in the Madrid gaol. It is indeed probable that King Boris I of Andorra will be pushed off like any ordinary vagabond to the Portuguese frontier, by the provisions of the *Ley de vagos*, the law dealing with tramps. And that would be far from a triumphal royal progress. It may be added that his faithful subjects of Andorra have as yet shown no signs of yearning or regret for their king.

The Legend of the Foreign Legion

By BRIAN STUART

THE very first words spoken to me by the Reception Sergeant at Marseilles were:

'Hullo, Englishman, have you joined the Legion to get away from the police?'

'No', I said, 'I haven't'.

'That's a good thing for you', he said. 'The Legion doesn't enlist men who are "wanted".'

At that particular moment a well-known London financier who was 'wanted' for forgery was languishing in a cell in Fort St. Jean, waiting for the extradition papers to come through.

No Place For Crooks

The French Foreign Legion is not, *and never was*, a refuge for the fugitive from justice, or for that matter for any 'bad egg'. They are not wanted in the Legion and if they are known to have a shady past they are simply not admitted. Yet there seems to be a world-wide delusion to the contrary.

Very soon after I reached Sidi bel Abbes a rather distinguished-looking Portuguese arrived among a draft of recruits. I noticed him particularly because he kept on muttering in English, 'O Mother of God, I thank Thee, I thank Thee'.

After a few days I got rather tired of overhearing his private devotions and I asked him—rather rudely, I fear—what he was so thankful about. He replied with one word, 'Safety'. The next day he found that he was not quite as safe as he thought. Two members of the *Sûreté* arrived and the Portuguese departed in handcuffs. He was a Bank Manager from Brazil who had left his employers the poorer for £20,000—most of which, by the way, he had lost at Monte Carlo.

The first man to speak English to me at Bel Abbes came up and said, 'Ullo, Mate. Stand us a bottle!'

I did so. You can buy first-rate wine in the Legion for about sixpence a quart. I asked the bandy-legged little scarecrow what part of London he came from.

'London! Strewth, I don't come from London. I'm a Belgian—Antwerp'.

So he was, and he had rather a strange history. He had come over to England in 1914 with the refugees. Actually he was a German spy. In 1916 he was living in the Kingsland Road and his duty was to signal to German air raiders. He gave a wrong signal to a Zeppelin, with the result that it was brought down. That finished him. The Germans swore he had betrayed them: Scotland Yard smelt rats; and Albert—that was the name I knew him by—beat it for the Legion. He has been in it now for eighteen years.

One hears all sorts of strange and terrible 'horror' stories about the Legion. None of them are true. I never once saw any action which could be regarded as 'brutal'. The stories of flogging, starving, shooting, etc., are utterly without foundation and are not worth the paper they are written on or the breath they are spoken with. They are made up almost exclusively by men who want to make a cheap guinea or so from the Sunday papers. May I say that it is disgraceful that these liars—usually deserters—should be feted as heroes by the gutter Press, whereas if their stories were checked up, they would be found to be the very reverse of fact?

The Foreign Legion is no worse treated than any other army. Its fighting record is second to none throughout the world, and I, for one, am proud to have served in it.

Many people have made a fortune by writing misleading rubbish about the Legion. For instance the Headquarters of the regiment is at Sidi bel Abbes, and this town has been described in a certain famous novel dealing with the Legion as 'an Arab town among the mountains'. Actually Sidi bel Abbes is a fair sized European town situated in a large fertile plain, and, moreover, with hardly a hill in sight.

The Legion recruit spends his early days here until he is ready to start on his recruit training. On rare occasions this may actually be done at Bel Abbes, though usually the recruit is sent to one of the training companies at Saida, Ain el Hadja or Ain Sefra. The first week, however, is always spent at Bel Abbes. Here, the fullest possible details and descriptions are taken of each man, including his finger-prints. He has to undergo extremely severe medical examination and the least defect will mean being discharged. He is then vaccinated and inoculated against typhoid. At the end of the week he is paid the first half of his enlistment bounty, and is turned loose to go into town for the first time. The Corporal on duty at the gate presents each recruit with a typewritten list of establishments—for politeness I will call them 'cabarets'—which are permitted to cater for the licentious soldiery.

Severe But Not Brutal Punishment

The recruit is allowed the week-end in which to recover, and his recruit-training begins in earnest on the Monday. For the next four months, he hasn't time to call his soul his own. He is literally worked like a slave, but there is no brutality. The instructors are very humane and very understanding. My own instructor was a Persian and, from every point of view, he was one of the finest men I ever met.

One reads all sorts of weird and hair-raising stories about Legion punishments and how they are scattered broadcast by the N.C.O.'s. They may be! But they never were in any Legion unit in which I served. To begin with, no Legion N.C.O. can award 'prison' (or any other punishment) without its being endorsed by the officer in command of the unit. In any case it is the officer and not the N.C.O. who passes sentence. Legion punishments are severe, when they are awarded. I do not deny that, and it is perfectly right and just that they should be severe. Every man is *warned six times* before he gets his first dose of cells.

Sergeant Maham, the Persian, had novel ideas on punishments. I don't remember his ever sending a man before the C.O. He dealt with them unofficially himself by awarding extra 'fatigues'—as he called them. For severe crimes a man would be sentenced to scrubbing out the 'Cabinet' with a toothbrush on Sunday morning. A less severe crime would be atoned for by cleaning fifty-six pairs of boots after a route march. Some people may think those punishments brutal, but they must remember that they were inflicted for crimes which merited a Court Martial which invariably involves loss of 'long service pay' during the whole of a man's Legion career.

A Legionnaire's pay is twenty-five centimes a day—one and three quarter francs a week. But that isn't all he receives by a

long way. When I joined in 1930, a recruit received 1,000 francs enlistment bounty and a 400 franc bonus. The bounty was paid at the rate of 500 francs on arrival at Bel Abbes and 500 francs four months later. The bonus was paid at the rate of 33 francs per month for the first year. At the end of one year's service, a Legionnaire acquires his first 'High' or 'Long Service' pay. His second year is financially much-of-a-muchness with the first, but thereafter each succeeding year increases by roughly 50 per cent. So the 'halfpenny a day' story only holds good for bad characters.

A man joins for a minimum period of five years with the Colours. There is no reserve service for the Legionary. When I was in France last month I heard that the terms of service had been reduced to three years, but I do not know whether or no this is a fact. France's methods regarding the Legion are rather of the 'as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be' order, and I imagine that five years is still the period.

Contrary to popular belief, it is difficult nowadays to get into the Legion. I have already explained that the known 'crook' hasn't a hope, and that the medical examination is extremely stiff. On the morning that I enlisted there were seventy-eight applicants. Only two passed the doctor—myself and a Serbian gypsy.

There is a popular idea that no 'identity papers' are required of the recruit and that he can enlist under any name he chooses. At one time this was so but for the last year or two it has been no longer possible. The recruit must produce his passport or some other satisfactory proof of identity and nationality. He is then asked if he wishes to serve in his own name or a *nom de guerre*. If Mr. Cavendish Augustus Fitzpercival wishes to serve as John Albert Jones there is nothing to prevent him doing so—but the authorities *must* know his proper name.

Once a recruit has signed his attestation form, he has usually committed himself and there is no escaping his contract. Unless he is medically discharged, France claims her pound of flesh. And why not? Nobody invited the man to join. He did so entirely of his own free will. However, exceptions are made and now and again contracts are cancelled. For instance, a deserter from another Army or Navy can have his contract annulled and be handed back to his own people. Or again, suppose Legionnaire John Brown suddenly finds himself the Marquis of Shoreditch with forty thousand a year and estates to match, he is liberated on the grounds of *Changement de circonstance*—it is recognised that he could not fulfil his new responsibilities in the ranks of the Legion.

The Case of Sergeant Kostroff

This reminds me of a rather mysterious Russian—a sergeant named Kostroff. One morning Kostroff was found dead in his room—poisoned. An inquest was held and suicide was the verdict. When it was all over, Kostroff's batman began to clean up the room ready for another tenant and noticed that although Kostroff's military and official belongings were in order, every single one of his private effects and papers was missing. This was reported to the Company Commander. Simultaneously another Russian sergeant who had been on two months' leave in France, came back to Bel Abbes and heard for the first time of Kostroff's death.

Now Kostroff, like a good many exiles in the Legion, was a fairly wealthy man. This sergeant demanded to see the Colonel and explained that, before he went on leave, Kostroff asked him to deposit a small satinwood box in a certain bank in Paris. Kostroff did not say what the box contained but *did* say that he was certain that attempts had been made to steal it. The authorities got in touch with the Bank. The box was found to contain five huge emeralds, the smallest of which was about the size of a thrush's egg! They were recognised as formerly belonging to the Russian Crown Jewels. Several members of the Paris Sûreté came to Bel Abbes and a kind of Board of Inquiry was set up. Three Russians, for some reason, were singled out and subjected to a kind of Third Degree—one of them was questioned for over six hours on three consecutive days. On the fourth day he hanged himself in a lavatory. When the commission had finished their inquiries the detectives went back to Paris and took the two Russians with them. *Neither of those two men has ever been heard of again—nor have the jewels.*

The following day, a notification appeared in orders to the effect that 'The Order relating to the suicide of Sergeant

Kostroff (dec.) was cancelled'. And there, I am afraid, I must leave it.

A Real Career for the Right Type

People are sometimes surprised to discover men with anything from ten to forty years' service in the Legion. They do not realise that the Legion can offer a real career to the right type of man. At the end of fifteen years' service, a man gets a pension—not a stingy one either. If he continues in the ranks, he draws both his pension and a specially high rate of pay. If, on the other hand, he takes his discharge and chooses to remain in Algeria or Morocco, he is fairly comfortably off on his pension alone. A sergeant with over eight years' service is comparatively wealthy—he is certainly in easier circumstances than his opposite number in the British Army.

I referred above to recruit-training being hard work and that the recruit has no time to call his soul his own. Sergeant Maham explained the reason for this to me. It enables the instructors to spot men who would make good N.C.O.'s. In the Legion, promotion comes almost too rapidly to the good soldier.

Speaking as an Englishman, the hardest thing I found in the Legion was to go without breakfast, and to remember to salute the N.C.O.'s. Every N.C.O. is entitled to one or more salutes a day, according to rank. There was one old Dutchman, with over twenty years' service, who loathed saluting. One morning he felt very grumpy and remarked that he was blessed (or some similar word) if he ever saluted anyone again—not even the general. That night he went into town and paid a visit to a tattooist. We had a most beautifully rose-tinted R.S.M. The Dutchman returned to barracks and saluted him. The R.S.M. turned all colours of the rainbow, for across the Dutchman's palm was tattooed an entirely unbroadcastable exhortation. To make sure that he did not get orders to salute with his left hand, he had had that, too, inscribed, 'Now do it again'. The old chap got thirty days in the *Section speciale*, but he also got orders never to salute again.

While I am talking about punishments and so on, perhaps I had better deal with a point which is sometimes raised. People claim to have seen photographs of Legionnaires being flogged, branded and otherwise ill-used. I know these photos do exist. I have even seen them taken. But they are all fakes. The *modus operandi* is to find someone with a heavy thirst, and he will pose for any photo whatever in return for a couple of litres of wine!

Now I do not want people to run away with the idea that life in the Legion is a bed of roses—it is not. Nor is it hell on earth. The Legionnaire has to work, and work hard. There is little or no glamour attached to it, in spite of books and films. There is no 'flying column' through the desert. For one reason the Legion does not serve in the desert! Most of the Legion's work is not done with a rifle and bayonet against the Arab tribes, but with pickaxe and shovel making roads, roads and yet more roads; or building houses, forts, or even towns. I mean that there are far more men employed in the labour companies than in the fighting units. What you may call the *fighting* companies form but a small part of the whole. The *average* Legionary is nothing more than a navy in uniform.

But the Legion has an *esprit de corps* unequalled in military history. Why is it that in Great Britain alone, service in the Legion is regarded as a disgrace? I am proud of having been a Legionnaire.

Vive la Légion!

Mr. J. B. Priestley, in a foreword to a small booklet issued by the Anti-Noise League, which he confesses to writing with cotton-wool in his ears, bewails that 'every new thing seems to be a noisy thing. Hardly anybody is busy inventing quietness'. The pamphlet shows what success has so far attended the League, during the ten months of its existence, in its endeavour 'to promote the cause of quiet and to prevent interference with the amenities of life by avoidable noise'. It appears that the League was largely instrumental in securing the new Road Traffic Act provisions for silence zones in which hooting at night is prohibited; has for months been advocating the adoption of the Model Bye-Law now approved by the Secretary of State, whereby Local Authorities can control the use of wireless loud-speakers and gramophones; has induced milk-distributing firms to equip horse-drawn vans with rubber tyres and to attempt to obviate the rattling of glass bottles; and has caused investigation into excessive noise by street musicians. 'The activities of the League', says this booklet, 'are limited only by the extent of its financial resources': its address is 18, Old Cavendish Street, W.1.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Overseas and Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata.

Progress in the Air

THE Report* of the Air Ministry on the progress of civil aviation—and the part which England has taken in it—affords an opportunity of putting this much discussed topic into some perspective. Aviation still is apt to be associated, in the public imagination, with military preparedness, and the value of the present Report lies in the fact that it focusses our attention upon the greater positive contribution which flying is making to our civilisation. Take first the whole field of the world's air transport services. Since 1919, the earliest year for which we have statistics, the route mileage has grown from 3,200 to 200,300. Now of the latter figure England's share is 15,187, a share lamented on all sides as inadequate to our national prestige. The Report shows, however, that although three other countries, the U.S.A. with 47,687, France with 21,450 and Germany with 17,228, are ahead of us, not one of them shows an increase from the previous year comparable to that of England. Moreover, such a comparison of national air services is meaningless without a comparison of the direct financial assistance rendered by the respective governments. Thus, whereas our own direct air transport subsidy is only £548,000, the United States Government provides no less than £4,315,659 to maintain its extensive aerial services. And these figures in turn reflect the nature of the two countries. In a small country like England, with a highly developed railway and marine transport system, aerial communications are not regarded as the vital necessity they are in a vast country like the United States. But as a method of linking up the Empire their appeal to the British Government ought to be very considerable. That this is so is indicated by the fact that in the course of a year more miles are flown over Empire than over European services, and it is amongst the outstanding achievements of 1933 to have brought Calcutta within seven days and Rangoon within eight days of London.

Besides the quantitative analysis of the progress in civil aviation, the Report supplies a qualitative one. It is possible, for example, to give a rough estimate of the increase in safety and efficiency. Although the accidents on English air services during 1933 totalled sixty-seven, only twelve resulted in loss of life and seven in severe

injuries, while forty-eight had no serious consequences beyond structural damage to the aircraft. It is interesting to note that human rather than mechanical elements were usually to blame. 'In the opinion of the Inspector of Accidents errors of judgment and faulty airmanship were the sole cause of thirty-nine out of the total of sixty-seven accidents. Engine failure contributed to one fatal and five minor crashes'. The general increase in flying safety can be roughly expressed by the increase in the number of miles flown per accident, from the 357,000 for the period 1919-24, to the 2,336,000 for the period 1930-33. The improvement in efficiency is no less striking. Imperial Airways record 96.7 per cent. of their scheduled European flights successfully completed. Interference from adverse weather conditions or mechanical causes has thus been reduced to a minimum. This remarkable improvement in safety and efficiency has led to the growth of public confidence in aerial travel, the creation of that 'air-mindedness' upon which the future of civil aviation so much depends. We learn that 'more than three times as many passengers were carried in the course of air transport during 1933 as compared with 1931', that 'business men are taking to the air', that 'during the summer, about 1,000 five- or six-course meals were served per week on London-Continental services', and that insurance rates for passengers by air, 'are now the same per day of travel as for transport by land and sea'.

But progress in civil aviation is not confined to passenger transport services. The aeroplane is proving its value to the Post Office, to the surveyor and prospector, and to the private owner. The extension of air mail services at cheap rates has long been advocated, and it is probable that the present intense public interest will produce an even greater increase of air mail services in 1934 than the 33 per cent. recorded for 1933. Indeed, it is not being over-optimistic to envisage a time in the near future when every letter leaving this country for a foreign one will do so by air and without extra charge. Such a development, according to the calculation of one Continental critic, would require 'only £166,000 out of the Post Office's annual surplus of about £9,000,000'. The technique of applying air photography to map-making has made rapid strides, and it is clear that in the aeroplane we have the ideal instrument for mapping vast uninhabited tracts of land. In India its use has proved of the utmost value to Ordnance Survey authorities. The popularity of private flying is being extended by means of the Light Aeroplane Clubs, whose membership in 1933 amounted to 4,931, of whom 1,569 held pilot 'A' licences. But this side of civil aviation awaits further developments in ground organisation before it can be reckoned a serious rival to the motor-car.

Week by Week

TECHNICAL perfection combined with immaculate appearance' appears to sum up the general impression received by the first visitors to the new Droitwich transmitter, which broadcast for the first time to the listening public last Thursday. Press reports stress the power of the transmitter, the arrangements made to reduce risk of breakdowns by duplication of much of the machinery, the simple and businesslike appearance of the building and the masts, and the orderliness and spaciousness of the interior. According to *The Times* the new transmitter 'appears to have achieved a higher degree of complexity, impersonality, infallibility, and independence than was ever reached in any of the earlier stations'. Droitwich has now taken over from Daventry 5XX part of the morning and late evening National programmes: and these arrangements will continue until on October 6 the new transmitter takes over the whole work of Daventry 5XX, using the same wavelength, namely, 1,500 metres (200 kcs). The change does not therefore involve any readjustment of their sets on the part of listeners,

* Report of the Air Ministry on the Progress of Civil Aviation. H.M. Stationery Office. 5s.

to whom the principal difference will be the increased volume of power with which the transmissions will come through. Of more special interest to listeners will be certain changes which are to take place in the broadcast programme itself from the beginning of October coincident with the use of the new transmitter. In general these changes are intended to make alternative programmes continuous throughout the day, with the filling up of certain short silent gaps which have prevailed hitherto, and the strengthening of contrasts between National and Regional programmes. No doubt many listeners will welcome in particular the promise of the provision of an alternative to late evening dance music on weekdays. There are also substantial changes impending in the arrangement of talks as well as other parts of the programme. Details of these changes will be published nearer the date on which they are to come into effect.

* * *

The value of the Report of the Interdepartmental Committee on Migration Policy* lies rather in the removal of misconceptions than in the making of fresh suggestions for a forward movement in migration. Before the War nearly 150,000 persons used to emigrate from this country every year, and after the War the flow continued on a comparable level down to 1928. The almost total cessation of emigration since that date shows that 'the idea that migration could of itself bring about an economic recovery was a fallacy'. Since the falling off of emigration is a consequence of economic depression, the restoration of emigration could not be a contributory factor to the return of prosperity. First, says the Report, inter-Imperial trade must be stimulated and expanded; and then an increase of migration within the Empire will follow. On the question of migration policy, the Report does not look with much favour upon group settlement as contrasted with 'unassisted' migration. The Empire Settlement Act of 1922 has not had the anticipated success in encouraging 'assisted' migration, partly because of the tendency of assisted migrants to look back to the home Government for more assistance and support than is possible. The Report recommends that as a general rule the United Kingdom Government should discontinue the policy of providing capital for land settlement, but should continue to assist passages of emigrants, particularly under the nomination system, where friends or relatives in the Dominions undertake to be responsible for those who come out from the home country. The Report singles out for special approval the Fairbridge Farm School experiment, which it says should be encouraged by a contribution from the U.K. Government towards the capital cost and maintenance expenses of the original and new schools. Such experiments, however, are and must be for a long while on too small a scale to affect decisively the problem as a whole. In general, the Report does not feel able to mark out for encouragement any large scale system of migration.

* * *

The coming into force of the sections of the Unemployment Act (1934) relating to juveniles marks a new and important phase in the development of the junior instruction centres. Since the end of the War various schemes for providing instruction for unemployed boys and girls have been tried; though mainly regarded as temporary measures, they served a useful pioneering purpose, if only by showing up the difficulties which had to be met. Hitherto, owing to the gap between the school-leaving age and the age of entry into insurance, it has been impossible to tell how many boys and girls of from 14 to 16 years of age were unemployed. Only claimants to benefit were compelled to attend the centres, and non-claimants were not attracted to attend voluntarily until 1930; nor could attendance be enforced except by disqualifying from benefit. But since September 3 of this year the age of entry into unemployment insurance has been lowered so as to correspond with the general school-leaving age; consequently for the first time the number of unemployed juveniles from 14 to 18 (with the possible exception of those who may be engaged in agriculture and domestic service) will be known. Also for the first time the provision of courses of instruction for unemployed boys and girls becomes a statutory duty of higher education authorities. It is no longer a case of the Minister of Labour merely 'making arrangements' with local education authorities; under the new sections he has power in broad terms to require attendance at such courses of all unem-

ployed juveniles under the age of 18, whether or not they are insured. Those education authorities which have not already established courses of instruction are now submitting to the Minister their proposals for doing so. Such proposals are not, of course, to be regarded as an alternative to the raising of the school-leaving age, there being nothing in the Unemployment Act (1934) to prevent the lengthening of the child's school life next week if the nation so desired.

* * *

The general purpose of the scheme is far more than the keeping of boys and girls off the streets to prevent demoralisation and deterioration. Past experience has proved that the centres can give these young people a real interest in life, and a 'type of mental and manual instruction which will help them to become absorbed or reabsorbed into employment as soon as opportunity may occur'. No attempt is made to train these young people for specific occupations, but rather to teach them something which will be of use to them whether at home or at work. Many of the existing centres where the numbers in attendance have been fairly constant, as at Motherwell, Bishop Auckland and Sunderland (to name three of the largest), have already achieved these aims. Practical work has been found to offer the most attractions, woodwork and metalwork being most popular among boys, and dressmaking, cookery and laundrywork among girls; while among other subjects which can be found at different centres are mat- and rug-making, basketwork, gardening, boot repairing, home nursing, housewifery, first aid and ambulance work, shorthand, bookkeeping and typewriting. Physical exercises and games are taken at every centre, and playing fields are in great demand. Besides general educational subjects such as English, workshop and household arithmetic, history, civics, drawing and general knowledge, attempts are made to develop the æsthetic sense which is usually so stunted among young wage-earners; appreciation of art, music and literature is fostered both by actual creative work and by the use of lantern slides, the gramophone, the wireless and outside lectures and performances. During the next six months the vast majority of unemployed juveniles will be found in these junior instruction centres. In the main these youngsters' experience of industry will be in machine-minding or in non-progressive jobs including blind alley occupations. The mechanisation of industry has come to stay; but its consequences need not be deplored if the additional leisure time which should be available can be turned to the development of personality and human interests. The junior instruction centres have a chance to achieve a mighty work by training the rising generation in ways and habits of constructively using leisure time, whether enforced or not.

* * *

So Paul Klenovsky, 'a young man whose early death robbed Russian music of a really brilliant recruit', existed only in the brain of Sir Henry Wood and the imagination of the British public. This young composer from Moscow, whose transcription for full orchestra of Bach's Organ Toccata and Fugue in D Minor 'shows the hand of a master in every bar' (Sir Henry Wood's own programme note), whose name ends so impressively in 'ovsky', who, 'in the opinion of his teacher, A. Glazounov, was one of the greatest masters of orchestration' (again Sir Henry Wood), and who crowned these virtues by dying young, had almost everything in his favour. 'Instantly', said the *Times* last week, reviewing what must be regarded as his second and really permanent decease, 'the gods loved him, and even the stalls applauded'. Perhaps this astute young man has now done the one thing really needful to establish his reputation in popular favour. With the announcement of the publication by the Oxford University Press of the score of the Toccata, by Paul Klenovsky (Moscow, 1923), 2s., and the revelation that Paul and Sir Henry are one and indivisible, the musical public has lost a romantic conception, perhaps, but has gained the secret of an excellent hoax. And since the British public has a singular capacity for enjoying a joke at its own expense, and since the perpetrator of this one is a well-loved friend of English music, it seems quite probable that, among 'Prom' audiences at any rate, the Toccata may now have acquired an attraction which even the romantic history of its supposed transcriber could not have provided.

The League of Nations

The Social Work of the League

By SIR ARTHUR SALTER

IT is now fifteen years since the League of Nations began its work, in a modest little office here in London. The Assembly at Geneva is now, as every year, reviewing the past and planning the future. Many of us perhaps are thinking of it with more anxiety than hope. We ask ourselves what can be done, whether anything can be done, at Geneva, when there are such strong forces making everywhere for political isolation and economic nationalism. At such a time the Assembly needs to think not only of its tactics but of its main strategy. It must decide whether the League shall restrict its activity and wait for better times, or, in spite of every difficulty, attempt to make a real advance. But if an advance is to be made, in what direction has it the best hope of success?

The Peoples' Welfare has no Frontiers

I want here to give a part of the answer—though only a part. I am not going to speak of the more prominent and more dramatic side of the League's work, of its handling of dangerous disputes and conflicts, of its efforts to limit armaments. There is another side to the League's work. The League exists not only to prevent war. It exists also to help the world to live happily at peace. It is a part of the ordinary machinery of peaceful government of the world, for those who created the League fifteen years ago had the wisdom to see that if the world is not to fall again into war it must be properly governed in peace; and that in the world of 1919 there was no adequate machinery of government to control many of just the things out of which international disputes arise. The effective governments of the world are national. But the life of the world has a wider range than national frontiers. If there are only national governments, and these have no adequate means of concerting and combining their policies—everything that crosses frontiers will at once enter a region of anarchy; and the results must be very much the same as in a country whose whole system of law and government collapsed. The first need of government is that the scope of its authority must be as wide as the activities with which it has to deal. We can see this from examples near at hand. When what is now London consisted of a number of separate boroughs or hamlets separated by intervening country, little local authorities were enough. When London became a single vast city it became intolerable that schools and tramways and drainage systems and every kind of public service should be under separate and independent management; and so the L.C.C. was formed—not to replace all smaller bodies, but to take over the tasks for which a wider authority was indispensable.

Now, two vast changes have taken place in modern times, which make it essential to have not only national government but world government. The first—which we may call a nineteenth-century development—is in the greater range of man's activities. Everyone's life and fortunes are now affected by events happening anywhere in the world, as we have seen most clearly during the last few years. The second change—which we may call a twentieth-century development—is in the character of the work which falls upon government. In the past the task of government was mainly to restrain fraud and suppress abuses. Now it has to do much more. Everywhere governments are being required to take an active part in the ordinary business of life: in organising, in protecting, in initiating economic activity. The first of these changes—the growth of world trade—made it necessary that national governments should have some means of adjusting their policies; the second change makes it necessary for them to be doing this all the time over a wide range and in the most intricate detail. A real machinery of world government becomes essential. This is what the League is intended to provide. But before I say something of what this new machinery is, let me refer to the actual work which it is doing. I can only give a few illustrations and examples. For if I did not select I should take all my time in a mere recital of subjects which would tell little in the end.

I will take first the League's health work. It was here that some of the earliest and most notable successes were achieved.

Have you ever reflected that it is rather wonderful that although, after the greatest war in history, millions of destitute refugees, many of them carrying the germs of disease, were flocking over the greater part of Europe from Russia, from Turkey and elsewhere—there was no great plague of typhus, cholera, or smallpox as there has been after other wars? This was due to the world's health services. But more than once the League intervened to help them and to help them to work together. After the Russo-Polish War, for example, hundreds of thousands of refugees who had been driven into Central Russia and Siberia flocked back to Poland and the Baltic provinces, bringing with them the danger of typhus and other epidemic diseases. A sanitary cordon became a vital necessity for Europe. The League called a Conference at Warsaw in 1922 which secured the necessary co-operation between the different health authorities, and Central Europe was saved from infection.

Preventing Disease and Destitution among Refugees

Again, in the same year, over three-quarters of a million refugees were driven from Asia Minor by the Turks; smallpox, cholera, and typhoid were raging among them. The League's Epidemic Commission acted quickly. Over half a million refugees were treated. The scourge was stopped. But it is not only at such times of special emergency that plagues threaten the world: typhus, cholera, smallpox, bubonic plague and other fell epidemic diseases are always lurking in the recesses and under the surface of our civilisation. They are kept at bay by the incessant vigilance of the quarantine and health services. And in this great and beneficent preventive system the League has its definite place. It has, for example, established an Eastern office at Singapore which receives and circulates by cable notifications of epidemic diseases to all the health services concerned. These are only examples. I might take many more. I have just returned from China, and at Nanking I saw a most efficient new hospital and training centre, built by Chinese money, staffed by Chinese doctors, but owing its origin largely to the initiative and experience of the League experts. All this work (and I have only given a few samples) the League does with a small permanent staff, supplemented, on the usual very economical League principle, by the voluntary assistance of committees of some of the first experts of the world from many countries.

I have spent some time on the League's health work because it is an admirable example of the kind of work which can be extended indefinitely with the most beneficent results. It is not political; it is not controversial. It can proceed whether there is political tension or not. It has the good fortune to have as its director a great creative administrator in Dr. Ludwig Rachman, and to have the devoted co-operation and goodwill of the great public health profession. It needs only active encouragement and a very modest financial provision.

I spoke above of war refugees and the work done in stopping the spread of contagious diseases. But disease is not the only scourge of refugees. Destitution is even worse. They need relief: they need to be re-absorbed into the permanent economic life of the countries in which they settle. The League has done much for both. I wish I could give a picture of what was done for and on behalf of the League by that great hero of adventurous peace, Dr. Nansen. He brought food, provided transport and arranged passports for hundreds of thousands who would otherwise have perished.

In some cases the League was able not only to relieve but to re-establish these post-War refugees. When some million Greeks fled from Asia Minor back to Greece in 1922—one of the most gigantic migrations in history—adding over 20 per cent. to the population of the little country into which they fled—the League undertook a huge task of land settlement. I shall never forget the sight of the long plain of Macedonia as I saw it a little later which was transformed in a few months into a long series of new peasant villages of self-supporting producers, a source of new wealth instead of an intolerable burden to their new country.

So far I have been speaking of enterprises of great benefit to humanity, difficult indeed, but not greatly complicated by the worst of all difficulties, the differences of national policy and conflicts of national interest. Let me now turn to the sphere in which these difficulties are at their worst, where the League's ultimate opportunities will be the greatest, but where it has not yet achieved success. What is the League doing, what can it do to help the world back to prosperity; and to re-establish prosperity when it returns on a sounder foundation? Well, the League may be a very effective mechanism, but it is not more. So long as every country is bent upon an economic nationalism, or, even worse, is attempting impossibly to combine national self-sufficiency with a large share of external trade, it can do little or nothing. But there are now signs, here and in America and elsewhere, that the world is becoming disillusioned with at least the worst forms and excesses of economic nationalism. Mr. Wallace, the Secretary of Agriculture in the U.S.A., is leading an able and effective campaign in favour of the admission of more industrial imports in order to save American agriculture. Here, as Mr. Runciman's recent speech showed, we are recognising that a resumption of our export trade is essential if we are to make any great further reduction in unemployment; and that we cannot increase exports without welcoming imports. And there are other signs that slowly, with great difficulty, in different forms and in some respects perhaps within more restricted limits, the world will try again to re-establish international trade.

It will have to get back to reasonable stability of currencies and exchanges; it will have to secure some kind of real co-operation between the central banks and the great institutions which influence or direct the movements of capital; it will have to adjust tariff policies so as to combine whatever

degree of tariff protection is still thought indispensable with the conditions necessary for international trade. And as it does so it will find the League indispensable. Separate negotiations between pairs of countries may be useful up to a point, but they are not enough. We do not trade in pairs of countries, but all with all. It was not the mechanism of the League that was defective in the great failure of government that preceded the world depression. The tides of passion and folly were too strong for any mechanism. The League indeed seemed near success on the eve of disaster. It had for the time successfully restored the countries left weakest by the War, such as Austria and Hungary. It seemed in 1927 to be leading the world back to policies which would have extended the world's trade. But the forces were too strong. They will remain too strong until the world sets itself again to the task, deliberately and with determination, of restoring international life. When it does, the League is ready to be used. And on the one hand it has at its side the international Bank at Basle, to co-ordinate central bank policy; and on the other the international Labour Office, to deal with the hours and conditions of labour. The Labour Office is different from the rest of the League's organisation in not being purely governmental. It is directed by a body appointed partly by governments, partly by employers, and partly by workers. Its most important single task is, perhaps, to secure better and more uniform hours and conditions of labour. How infinitely better off the world would be if the wasted and impoverished leisure now concentrated on the unemployed could be spread in longer hours of fruitful leisure for those who work and earn. The chief difficulty is, of course,

that shorter hours mean higher costs; and that no single employer or single country can—beyond a certain point—arrange them without losing his business to competitors who act differently. So far as the Labour Office is successful this great difficulty is removed. It is the recognition of this which has perhaps been a principal reason for one of the great events of this year—the entry into the Labour Office of the U.S.A.

Another section of the League is fighting the manufacture and traffic in dangerous drugs. It has done much to suppress the manufacture of opium in Europe. Unhappily the East is now taking an historic revenge on the West and exporting the drug which we once forced on China. Where a government is weak or outside the League's influence the League can do little. Opium well illustrates both the League's powers and their limits.

A Huge Task Loyally Performed

I can only now remind you of the large regions of the League's work I have left untouched; of the Office of Intellectual Co-operation in Paris; of the Mandates Commission of which Lord Lugard spoke last week; of the administration of the Saar and Danzig; of the protection of minorities—though there, perhaps, I should touch the borderline between ordinary peace administration and political disputes. If you want to realise

how much ground the League's work covers, look at the mere list of subjects as you will find them in the League of Nations Union's publications—or on the notice board of the League's meetings at Geneva; and then think what this means, and might mean, in helping man to attack his real enemies, which are disease, wasteful disorganisation, ignorance and vice; to achieve his real task of harvesting the rich gifts of science and nature, incomparably greater now than at any time in recorded history, and then giving not to a few thousands but



Macedonian relief work: a group of refugees with some of the League workers

By courtesy of the League of Nations Union

to the teeming millions of the world the means of a full and rich life. Think of this new instrument now in man's hand, if he will but use it. For the League's machinery consists not merely or mainly of the Secretariat, but of scores of groups of devoted and voluntary workers drawn from the national administrations and great private societies of all countries who combine, co-operate and then continue their work each in his own country and his specialised task. Think what could be done by a system of this kind making national administrations themselves a great international instrument of united effort. And think what a combined effort could do, not only to suppress evils but to establish great public services—such as aviation—which instead of being a great menace to civilisation might be one of its greatest blessings. I have only been able to suggest, not describe. But even these few examples are perhaps enough to indicate what could be done, how it could be done, and to show that there is scope in the tasks of peace for the heroism, the spirit of adventure and for the intense loyalties which have so often been allowed to find their chief expression in the devastating operations of war.

Here then is a part of the answer to the question, What can the Assembly do to revive the League? There is a vast field, and even under present conditions a great opportunity. I hope the Assembly will enter on its task with a real sense, not only of what is being done, but of what can be done. Its mood will be reflected, and its sincerity tested in the budget discussions. Once more countries will be asked to contribute fewer pence to constructive work than they are spending pounds on the instruments of destruction. Our own contribution amounts to

little more than a farthing in the pound of our national expenditure. The most disastrous maxim for future policy is that if you look after the pounds the pence will look after themselves. They don't. The right maxim is to supervise both pounds and pence with a due sense of proportion as to their respective values—and what benefits you can get from them.

I believe that an active policy is now possible, in the directions I have mentioned, but not only in these. I should like to see the governments which want to use the present opportunity making some such reflections as these before they go to Geneva: 'For the moment it is true that four of the seven great Powers are outside the League, or have given notice of withdrawal. While this is the situation many of the negotiations on world policy which might otherwise take place in the League must doubtless take place outside it. Yes, but we must see that these negotiations are so directed that they will help to bring countries now outside the League into it, or to get them to work with it. Russia may come in at once. Everything must be done to help her to become a full, effective, powerful and loyal member. There are at present special difficulties about Germany. But the situation may change

quickly. We must carefully watch for and quickly utilise any opportunity that occurs. Everything possible must be done to facilitate real and close collaboration with the U.S.A. Mr. Stimson made a great advance in developing regular consultation and organised collaboration. President Roosevelt has indicated his wish to take a fuller part in the social and economic work by joining the I.L.O. Then if Russia enters, if perhaps Germany later rejoins, if America is working regularly with the League, the problem of Japan will probably become soluble. In the meantime let us advance where we can. Let us make a great new effort to develop the non-political work of the League—its social and economic work. This will be of great value in itself. It will also keep the personnel and the mechanism alive and effective, as nothing but constructive work can do, for the time when an opportunity occurs for a general advance all along the line'.

This time will come. It may come soon. The present period is full of difficulties and dangers. But it is pregnant also with opportunities. I have suggested some of them. There are many others. We must do what we can now—and prepare to do more when we can.

The Church Conflict in Germany

By R. H. S. CROSSMAN

CHURCH troubles in Germany go back long before the revolution. The Church there was never a united body; like the Reich, it was a loose federation of twenty-eight provincial churches, and it has long been the hope of many keen Churchmen in Germany to do something about this. In fact, in the conflict now going on, both sides would like to see a unification. The question at issue really is, what sort of unification? When people saw how easily the old federal states had been knocked into shape by the Nazi politicians, the German Christian Party (that is the name of the keen Nazis in the Church) thought they would like to do the same to the churches, and they used much the same methods as their political colleagues.

In the summer of 1933 they staged a rush election for a national Protestant synod, and on the last day before the polling, Hitler—don't forget he's a Catholic—gave his open support to the 'German Christians'. They naturally gained a smashing victory; so they were able, when the synod assembled, to elect a personal friend of Hitler's called Müller to be Reich Bishop, a position specially created for the job of unifying the churches. Müller, in fact, became a sort of ecclesiastical Führer.

All this raised a storm of protest among Protestants, who smelt political papacy in the air, and a strong opposition grew up and held a synod of its own at Barmen. The opposition has never been a political opposition, but it objects profoundly to the reorganisation of the Church by politicians for political purposes. It objects to the infamous Aryan paragraph forbidding Jews to be pastors and it objects to the dictatorial methods of the Reich Bishop and the man who stands behind him (nominally as legal adviser), the mysterious Herr Jaeger. The opposition—and there are over seven thousand pastors in it—has not had an easy time. Many of its members have been turned out or imprisoned and every difficulty has been put in the way of its holding together.

This year, by a curious coincidence, the main theme of the discussion at the Universal Christian Council in Denmark was the relation of Church and State, and inevitably every other problem was overshadowed by the crisis of the Protestant Church in the Nazi State. A great number of the previous German members of the Council are now in the opposition and had not dared to risk attending. And so the German delegates were all official delegates, and even they were in some difficulty, as they were forced to defend a position in which, as private persons, most of them would have admitted mistakes had been made. Their argument ran this way: Germany is in a state of revolution; the churches were empty before; we believe that it is only as National Socialists that we pastors can get hold of the people. It is all very well to go into opposition; it is far more difficult to stay in the Church government and steer it through a difficult passage.

Wait and see, and don't mix yourself up in what is purely a domestic dispute.

Everyone felt there was a certain force in this argument. The sincerity of the German delegation and the difficulty of their position was pretty obvious; one felt a good deal of sympathy for them as individuals, and many of us who know Germany realise what they were likely to be up against if they went home unsuccessful. As one of them said to me, 'If you pass a strong resolution, it means a concentration camp for some of us'. But the fact remains that the Reich Bishop and Herr Jaeger are using force, violence and espionage in a hopeless effort to compel a unity which can only be attained by goodwill and agreement. What is more, behind them is the party machine, and behind the party machine a body of determined men like Rosenberg, who is in charge of the party education, and Himmler, the Chief of the Secret Police, whose open intention it is to supersede Christianity with a new Aryan religion, and even, it is whispered, with a new Aryan Church which is to bring into line not only the Protestants but Catholics, too. No one believes the present Church authorities are allied with the Rosenberg gang, but it was felt that the only practical way to oppose the new paganism is to give the Church the freedom of criticism and teaching which is now so ominously lacking.

It was in this sense that the Council by a large majority passed their resolution. The three chief points were: first, that the Council dissociated itself from any and every political motive; secondly, that it deplored the use of force and the imposition of the new oath of allegiance to Hitler; and thirdly, that it expressed its sympathy with all Christians in Germany and especially with members of the opposition. From the statements of the Reich Bishop in the *Times* of September 3 I am afraid the appeal has fallen on deaf ears. The Church authorities or those who control them are still confident that it is as easy to make a Christian conscience toe the party line as it is to abolish provinces and organise a united Reich.

That was the conference. Now I want to say what I, as an inexperienced layman, felt. What is the situation? In every country half-empty churches, political hatreds and rumours of wars. In every country—in Germany and Russia, too—millions of ordinary people see that the teaching of Christ, if it were acted on, would save the world from catastrophe. As I walked across the empty dunes of Fanö I could not help wondering whether our churches were really facing that simple fact. Would the Church of England, if it were suddenly faced with an issue like the German one, have the courage to stand by its gospel, or would it compromise with the powers that be? Or are our churches half-empty because they are already compromising? I don't know, but I do know that in every country in the world millions of simple people are waiting for a lead. It was a great chance at Fanö, but I do not feel that the Council took it: who is going to?

*The Listener's Music**On Liszt and Programme Music*

By M. D. CALVOCORESSI

THE efforts of a small but persistent minority (ranging, among composers, from Sir Alexander Mackenzie to Mr. Constant Lambert; among critics from Mr. Ernest Newman to Mr. Cecil Gray; and including, among non-specialists, keen champions such as Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell) have actually led to Liszt's music being given, at long last, a fair chance with listeners. A number of his best works are performed now and then, and it is quite possible that opportunities to hear most of those which remain practically unknown will come in the near future. A whole programme of his music will be given at the Proms on September 20—a remarkable feature being that it includes both the piano concertos (with Lamond as soloist). Such a venture would have been unthinkable a few years ago. It shows that the ball has really been set in motion; and now there should be no difficulty in keeping it going.

Those few champions to whom I refer are actuated by a variety of motives over and above their own view that Liszt's best music is beautiful and therefore worth championing. They are not blind to its defects, but feel that too much attention has been paid to these, and too little to the merits. If only flawless, or nearly flawless, music was entitled to a place in the sun, the range of concert programmes would be narrow indeed.

They hold that it is more than time to do justice to the great composer Liszt was; that much of his music will give real artistic joys to listeners; and also, that it has a stimulating and fertilising value quite of its own, and therefore may awaken certain fibres in listeners and widen their horizon generally. This last conviction arises partly from the great and beneficent influence exercised by Liszt on the course of musical art and partly from the stultifying nature of most of the objections raised against his music.

But all this is a mere starting-point. If the critic wishes not only to start listeners on their way, but also to help them along the way, he must talk not moral reasons or doubtful possibilities, but facts: he must talk music. And this, as regards Liszt, has seldom been done so far, except by his censors.

It is chiefly as a composer of 'programme' music that Liszt has been impugned, the main argument being that this order of music is necessarily of an inferior kind, and often unintelligible except with the help of the programme. This argument, of course, is not used against Liszt only; so that to clear the point will benefit the cause of much music besides his. This, however, can be done without going far beyond Liszt.

Granting that in most of his big instrumental works he does not start from a purely and abstractly musical idea, the question remains whether he does not achieve music which stands firm in its own rights and is perfectly intelligible and satisfying as music pure and simple, without any reference to a programme.

Before going farther, let us remember how common the practice is of seeking to account for music of all kinds in terms of a programme—usually imaginary. Nearly a hundred years ago, Chopin complained, in letters to his friends, of its being applied to his piano pieces. Beethoven's music always was a favourite target. This very summer, the climax of absurdity was reached by a learned German professor publishing a book which 'explains' a number of Beethoven's sonatas and string quartets by representing them as illustrations of Shakespeare plays. So far as such explanations may serve to strike a first spark in listeners—and especially in those whose actual musical instinct is not yet very developed—they may be concived at, to a degree, in the hope that they may lead to better things and kindle an interest in the music itself. But as a rule, they do the very reverse: they call attention to everything but the music. This is why so many of us are persistently urging music lovers to forget all about programmes, real or alleged, and even titles; to concentrate upon listening and allow their own imagination and sensitiveness free play.

Yet, it may be asked, when we know that a work was inspired by a programme, why ignore this programme? Will it not stimulate our imagination as it did the composer's? And is not the notion that programme-music should be listened to as pure music no less absurd than the notion that the pure music of Beethoven's sonatas and quartets should be listened to as programme-music?

The reply is a complicated one; and the utmost that can be done here is to outline it very sketchily. A poetic or dramatic programme can do certain things, and certain things only. Its component parts, singly, can suggest the design and character of themes: a reiterated sharp rhythm for galloping horses, periodic undulations for flowing waters, tender accents for a woman, and so on up to abstract symbolic representations such as a pedal point suggested by the notion that Don Quixote, on his wooden horse, has not really left the ground. All this is so elementary that I must apologise for mentioning it. As a whole, the programme can suggest moods, order of succession and contrast, lines of working out, and forms, sometimes in a general, elastic way, sometimes quite definitely. That is all. And that much granted, the problem remains entire.

Dealing with some of the preposterous comments to which Beethoven's music has given rise, Mr. R. W. Wood (in the July number of *Music and Letters*) gives its solution in a convenient and striking form by remarking that 'in the final result the musical value, which is the only one that matters, is unaffected by the nature and quality of the germinating extra-musical idea'. This can be demonstrated quite easily: simply by quoting a few examples of imitative or descriptive themes or of new forms arrived at in programme music. Detractors have never given us one good reason in support of their contention that such themes or forms are, or need be, in any way inferior to what is to be found in pure music. They simply go on repeating: 'these things are bad because they do not conform to certain principles in which we believe to the exclusion of all others'. Programme music, naturally, can be appallingly bad. So can pure music. How the programme stimulates the composer's imagination is as much a mystery as how inspiration on abstract lines materialises. It all depends upon the composer's genius. We might say that the genius supplies the seed, and the music grows out of the programme as a flower out of a flower bed. If the flower is beautiful, we can admire it for its own sake. If it is deficient in colour, shape, and vitality, matters are not mended by thinking of the amount and quality of the leaf-mould, nitrates, and phosphates that went to its rearing.

I hasten to add that this is an overstatement—a deliberate one, whose purpose is to counteract excesses in the opposite direction. Without question, a general notion of the poetic origin of Liszt's 'Faust' Symphony is a useful preliminary to hearing the work. But to know that Liszt, in order to evoke the character of Mephistopheles, the spirit of scorn and negation, resorted to distortions of themes used before in connection with 'Faust' will add nothing of value to the impressions we shall derive from hearing the music. Often, the composer wishes an explanation to be given: as Liszt, who, many years after composing a tone-poem, gave it the title 'Les Préludes' and added, by way of epigraph, a digest of Lamartine's poem of the same name; or Strauss, who asked Alexander Ritter to compose a poem setting forth, after the event, the intentions of 'Tod und Verklärung'.

But even so, very few composers (Strauss, now and then, is one of the exceptions) intended their programme to be taken jointly with the music, as a glass of water to help in the swallowing and assimilating of a pill. Therefore, as soon as the music begins, the time has come to forget all about the programme, and simply listen. A few works depending on associations and symbols more than on actual musical significance will suffer, it is true: but a vast quantity of admirable music, such as Liszt's, will be nearer to being seen in its best and truest light.

Planning the Tennessee Valley

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

Mr. Lilienthal is the Director and General Counsel of the Tennessee Valley Authority

THE Valley of the Tennessee River, the scene selected by President Roosevelt for an economic experiment, is a region the size of England, located in the south-eastern section of the United States. To carry out the project, Congress created an independent public corporation called the Tennessee Valley Authority. This public body has a duty to foster and stimulate industry and agriculture in the Tennessee Valley area. It has a duty to conserve and develop the unusually rich natural resources of the Valley. Huge sums of money have been made available for the undertaking.

What President Roosevelt had in mind in this project was a new way of developing America's natural resources. He had seen how ruthless men had wasted the country's great forests, her coal and oil fields and her rivers. He saw the terrific cost of this haphazard scheme of things. And he set up the Tennessee Valley Authority to see if America couldn't eliminate this shocking waste by practical planning, in the interests of the whole community. The Tennessee Valley area can perhaps be best described as a vast testing-ground in democratic planning. If the experiment is successful in the Tennessee Valley, the plan is to use the results in other areas throughout America.

It may interest you to hear of a few specific projects now being carried on by the Tennessee Valley Authority staff of almost 10,000 men and women. The development of the water and electricity resources of the Tennessee Valley will illustrate the workings of the Authority. The Tennessee River is a source of immense public wealth. By the construction of dams and power plants, the river can be made to produce very cheap electricity in almost unlimited quantities. That electricity the Tennessee Valley Authority is sending into thousands of homes, farms and factories. The tariffs charged are the lowest in America and about half the rates generally charged by privately owned electric utilities for similar service. Instead of flowing unused to the sea, this water, transformed into electricity, is bringing comfort and convenience into thousands of humble homes. Lines have been constructed into farming areas and whole counties are being electrified. By economies and by eliminating excessive profit, the cost has been kept low so that even the poorest household can afford a generous use of electricity.

Two other dams are now under construction by the Tennessee Valley Authority, at a cost of about seventy million dollars, and still others are in prospect. By such a series of dams, the same water can be used time and again along the course. The planned use of this natural resource under unified public control will give one of the cheapest sources of power supply to be found anywhere.

The Tennessee River often gets out of control in times of heavy rainfall. The floods cause millions of dollars of damage. These dams will hold back the water in time of flood and save it until the dry season when it is needed for the production of electricity and for navigation.

Another example. America is steadily losing a great source of her wealth in the alarming washing away from farming land of her richest top soil. After every heavy rainfall, countless tons of soil wash off the slopes into the streams and rivers and are lost for ever. In the Tennessee Valley area this situation has become critical. The Tennessee Valley Authority is carrying forward a planned programme to prevent this waste of soil. Throughout the area thousands of young men are busily engaged in the planting of trees and grasses on the hillsides to stop this destructive force. The labour forces are made up of young men from the congested city areas, who would otherwise be on poor relief. Many of these steep slopes should not be used for farming at all, and so the Authority is buying large tracts of this land and taking it out of cultivation and turning it into public forests, since wooded lands resist soil-washing. Without such a plan for the preservation of our best soil, another fifty years might find the Tennessee Valley impoverished and barren.

Let me give you another illustration of what the Tennessee Valley Authority is doing in the field of public planning. We, in America, have a vast country with room enough for all of

our people to live decently, but industry has concentrated in certain centres: New York, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Chicago and so on. There has been a migration of millions of people into these centres and away from the farms and smaller towns and cities, and, as a result, we have in our great cities intolerable congestion, ugliness, bad living conditions, impossible transportation problems and high costs of government. I have made no special study of the matter, but even a casual observer can see that England has a similar condition on her hands. This congestion of people in the great industrial centres is a disturbing situation, and not the least troublesome thing about it is that this piling up of industry and people in small areas is simply not sound business. These people are entirely cut off from the soil. When the industry in which they are employed closes down, the workers are without any means of support, and the taxpayer must then subsidise these industries by feeding and housing their idle workers.

It is part of the business of the Tennessee Valley Authority to work towards a decentralisation of industry and of industrial population. We do not believe that merely clearing the worst slums of the cities and building better slums in their places is an adequate answer. What is needed, we think, is a better balanced population. Too many industries and too many people attached to industry have come into concentrated areas. The present administration in Washington is committed to a policy of reversing this trend. In the Tennessee Valley we are working out small-scale industries to be located in farming areas. We believe these can be shown to be economically sound and that private capital will find them attractive. The workers will not have to be dependent wholly on industry or wholly on agriculture for a living, but can rely on both. Electricity can furnish a power supply as cheaply in a small town or village away from the centres as in a great city. If we can establish companionship of industry and agriculture and a diffusion of industry, we think that the Tennessee Valley Authority will have made a contribution in public planning of far-reaching value.

To understand what is going on throughout America in these stirring times, there are two facts which you must have clearly in mind. First, you should know that President Roosevelt continues to hold the confidence and the devotion of an overwhelming majority of American men and women from all classes and groups. And you should also realise that a powerful and reactionary opposition has begun a violent attack on his policy and on him. The outcome of this bitter controversy will determine the future course of American life. If the reactionaries prevail, they intend to take us back to the good old days when the greedy and the cunning plundered the rest of the community in the name of individualism. If President Roosevelt and the New Deal prevail, we shall have a democratic society devoted to the ideal of social justice and individual security.

Solar Creation

The sun, of whose terrain we creatures are,
Is the director of all human love,
Unit of time, and circle round the earth,

And we are the commotion born of love
And slanted rays of that illustrious star,
Peregrine of the crowded fields of birth,

The crowded lane, the market and the tower.
Like sight in pictures, real at remove,
Such is our motion on dimensional earth.

Down by the river, where the ragged are,
Continuous the cries and noise of birth,
While to the muddy edge dark fishes move,

And over all, like death, or sloping hill,
Is nature, which is larger and more still.

CHARLES MADGE



At work on Norris Dam on Clinch River in the mountains of Tennessee



Air view of Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals in Alabama

By courtesy of the Tennessee Valley Authority

*What I Like in Art—XII**Jan van Eyck's 'Arnolfini and his Wife'*

By SIR ROBERT WITT

TO select one work of art out of so many is in itself a sufficiently difficult task, but still more difficult is it to explain why that one has been chosen and in what its special appeal consists. A similar problem presents itself in the compilation of an anthology. Most of us carry in the Golden Treasury of our minds the choice of pictures that have made their special appeal to our temperaments. These may change from year to year, they must change if we are growing. The personal element counts for much, perhaps more in painting than in most branches of art. One man's Salon Carré may be another's Chamber of Horrors, for, being but human, we cannot help owing to a fair proportion of likes and dislikes, sympathies and antipathies, even prejudices, however much we may endeavour to keep them in the background.

Again, everyone looks at a picture, or indeed at any work of art, from a different angle. This is in fact the basis of all taste in so far as taste involves selection and preference. 'What I like in art', therefore, must be treated as an essentially personal matter, making no reflection on the views of others, as individual indeed as the choice of friends and even more arbitrary, for the chosen picture may not resent the choice or evade the selection.

The picture I have selected, one of the glories of the National Gallery, is the double portrait that has for long been known as 'Jan Arnolfini and his Wife'. At the very outset even, non-aesthetic qualities come into question, for as the War developed and enemy bombing activities increased, the Trustees of the National Gallery decided that the risk of leaving their treasures in Trafalgar Square at the mercy of stray bombs was too great, and some of the more portable and priceless were sent far out of London into comparative safety. Each Trustee showed particular solicitude for some individual picture, and I made the van Eyck portrait group my special care. My intimate affection for the picture, therefore, dates back for nearly twenty years.

Why the picture makes such a special appeal to me is harder to explain, for apart from the obvious sympathies arising from danger and responsibility shared in times of stress and struggle, aesthetic considerations play their great part, even though they may be curiously intermingled with questions of association and sentiment. For myself van Eyck's little masterpiece contains most, though not quite all, of the essential elements that should go to make a picture. In the first place, though I readily admit that to many this factor means less than nothing and indeed is irrelevant, if not worse, it has an intensely vivid human interest. In the second, it has an adequate, if not outstanding, sense of design and pattern. Thirdly, it is admirable both in technique, craftsmanship and condition. All these qualities are present.

The picture itself is small, measuring only 33 inches by 22½ inches. According to the latest theory it represents not Jan Arnolfini and his wife Jeanne de Chenany but van Eyck himself and his wife Margaret. But whoever they be they are standing with joined hands in the middle of a small room, softly lighted from a latticed window on the left. It is evidently a solemn moment in their joint lives. With quiet fervour the husband seems to vow fidelity to his newly-married wife, the future mother of his children. Both are arrayed in their robes of state, the man in furred purple cloak and the vast beaver hat which threatens to extinguish him, his wife in the heavy cloth dress of the period, warm green in colour, and lined with white fur. These massive draperies with their stiff and voluminous folds are a familiar feature in Flemish and German art. How different from the slight, simple draperies in Florentine pictures which clothe but never conceal the form! The head-dress of exquisitely dainty white linen, frilled and goffered, under which the hair is arranged in two curious horns, is exactly like that worn by Margaret van Eyck in her portrait in the Bruges Academy. In no case are they a comely couple. Neither can lay claim to beauty, and indeed the Flemish painters, and Jan van Eyck in particular, cared little for facial beauty, even in the pictures of the Madonna. Nor

have the women of the Netherlands ever been renowned for classical regularity of form or feature, and it is the harsh homely type of their own country-women that these truthful painters of the fifteenth century delighted to portray. If, as it has been said, in Flemish art the men possess beauty and the women intelligence, the rule hardly applies here, for the bride looks shy and sheepish, and by no stretch of courtesy can her husband be pronounced handsome. If, as is generally believed, it be a portrait of Arnolfini, he was one of the many Italian merchants who had taken up their abode in Bruges as agents for some bank or commercial house in their native country. He seems to have had a brother, who also sat to Jan van Eyck for his portrait, which is now in the Berlin Museum.

The picture is in its way as original and unprecedented as the 'Adoration of the Lamb'. If in that stupendous work, a landscape setting is used for the first time in modern painting, in this double portrait, a rare instance of such a composition in fifteenth-century Netherlandish art, the painter has set out to render the soft, subdued lighting of a dwelling-room. His object went further than the presentment of the man and woman who stood before him with such impassive gravity. He has indeed anticipated the problem which Peter de Hoogh and Vermeer of Delft attacked so vigorously nearly two-and-a-half centuries later, a problem, too, with which modern painters delight to grapple. To give depth and space to the room, to set the figures actually inside it, in fact, to paint an interior with figures in it rather than figures with a room behind them seems to have been his aim. The room is indeed no mere background but a very actual fact. We must walk a step or two into it to approach the figures, set a little back from the edge of the frame, an additional device to enhance the effect. The eye is led inwards again by the converging parallel lines of the floor, the carpet and the window-frame. Following the pattern of the rug, which, by the way, is not absolutely correct in perspective, we instinctively measure the space between the figures and the end wall of the room. Again, how subtle is the lighting! Clear daylight from the casement window on the left streams into the room, where it is caught and chastened within its prison of four walls. The far corner, where stands the stately red-curtained bed, is in half shadow, but the light plays on the cool gray wall at the end of the room and is reflected in the finely-wrought brass chandelier suspended from the ceiling. On this end wall hangs a mirror, a marvel of minute painting which more than assures us that the new oil medium was adapted to the most delicate workmanship. Reflected in it may be seen in the picture (it is unfortunately invisible in the reproduction) a back view of the hero and heroine of the picture, besides two other people standing by the door. It was surely a novel conceit of the painter, that of bringing in the mirror, and from the pictorial point of view, it was a clever device to give an additional semblance of depth to the room, an artifice not unknown in many a modern drawing-room. The mirror seems to have become a favourite artistic property, for not only do we find it used by Petrus Cristus, Jan's immediate follower, but by Memling and Quentin Matsys many years later. Even more wonderful than the figures reflected in the mirror itself are the ten little circular scenes from the Passion let into its frame. To see these properly, even in the picture itself, it is almost necessary to use a magnifying glass. By the mirror, from a nail in the wall, hangs a clear amber necklace, and above it runs the inscription in exquisite calligraphy, 'Johannes de Eyck fuit hic', and the date, 1434. It is now claimed that this inscription can only mean, 'This man was Jan van Eyck', and therefore could not be Arnolfini.

Every touch in this picture is of interest: the oranges which glow as the light from the window falls upon them, the little glimpse of a cherry-tree in fruit seen through the casement, the wooden pattens in the foreground, the scarlet embroidered slippers behind, and the strip of Turkey carpet. Nothing could surpass the patient care and minute delicacy with which these details are rendered. Nor is the picture bare of symbolism, for the little wire-haired spaniel in the fore-



Arnolfini and his Wife, by Jan van Eyck

National Gallery

ground may possibly betoken Fidelity, and the two candles burning in the otherwise empty chandelier indicate perhaps that the light of two loving hearts shall never be extinguished. Strangely enough, where all is so accurately portrayed, the mirror has failed to reflect the spaniel.

The wonderful state of preservation in which the picture remains, fresh and glowing, as though it had but just left the master's workshop, affords an opportunity of examining its technique and judging wherein the new method had surpassed the old. You can observe at once the extraordinary depth and glow of colour, the transparency of the shadows, and the soft reflected lights. The white ground on which the painting was executed tells through the thinly-laid glazes of colour, giving the utmost brilliance and clearness to the lights. The colours are minutely blended, showing no trace of the fine brush marks which are often so evident in tempera paintings; the picture looks as though it had been painted in a single flow. Its fine surface and gloss result from the Flemish method of mixing the oil and resinous varnish with the colour and using

it as the medium, instead of adding the varnish subsequently after the manner of today.

Surely then the elements I have claimed as essential are present in this brilliant little picture. The vivid human interest is implicit in and emphasised by the dramatic moment chosen by the artist and dominating the spirit of the whole. The types are sincere and dignified and, though not beautiful in the ordinary sense of that much abused term, make their own appeal. The sense of design and pattern, if not as striking and as overwhelming as in other masterpieces making a different and perhaps more limited appeal, is yet satisfying, while the intimate relationship of the figures to the interior and the filling of the space with light and colour combine to evoke a mood in perfect harmony with the subject.

Lastly, this picture, painted just five hundred years ago, is in the same perfect condition as when it left van Eyck's easel. So sound was his technique, so fine his finish, so carefully prepared his colours that you may search in vain for a blemish or a scar.

Photographic Competition

WIRELESS PROVED a disappointing subject for the finish of our series of competitions. The entries were few in quantity and poor in quality; one or two competitors who had good ideas had not the necessary photographic skill to carry them out, and there was so little work of any outstanding merit at all that we have no alternative but to divide the prize again, this time between a number of competitors, none of whom reached the standard achieved in most of the previous groups. Five guineas are awarded to Mr. Stanley Ballance for his photograph of an aerial mast which we reproduce, and one guinea each to V. M. Reeves ('Programme'), C. Haines ('Aerial'), John Brown ('The

Fan'), G. Valentine Herbert ('Transmission') and E. Waller ('Short Wave Enthusiasm').

We wonder whether photographers are alive to the fact that nine technical and two non-technical illustrated periodicals connected with wireless are now being published in this country and that there are thus presumably considerable possibilities for a market for good photographs of wireless subjects? This group and Group 2 have, however, been the only disappointing ones in the nine weeks of our competitions, and in some branches of photography—notably architectural, night and abstract photography—the skill and enthusiasm of amateurs were beyond our expectation.



Aerial mast, an astro-telephotograph taken by infra-red rays, by Stanley Ballance

The World on the Move—III. Japan



The Japanese industrial landscape has the same features as that of Europe. This shows the famous iron foundry of Kyushu with playing grounds in the foreground

From 'Japan: A Pictorial Representation' (Asahi Shimbun)



Japanese emigrant ship leaving for Brazil

E.N.A.



Opening up of Japan's inexhaustible water power by a new dam on the Sho River

From 'Changing Japan Seen Through the Camera' (Asahi Shimbun)



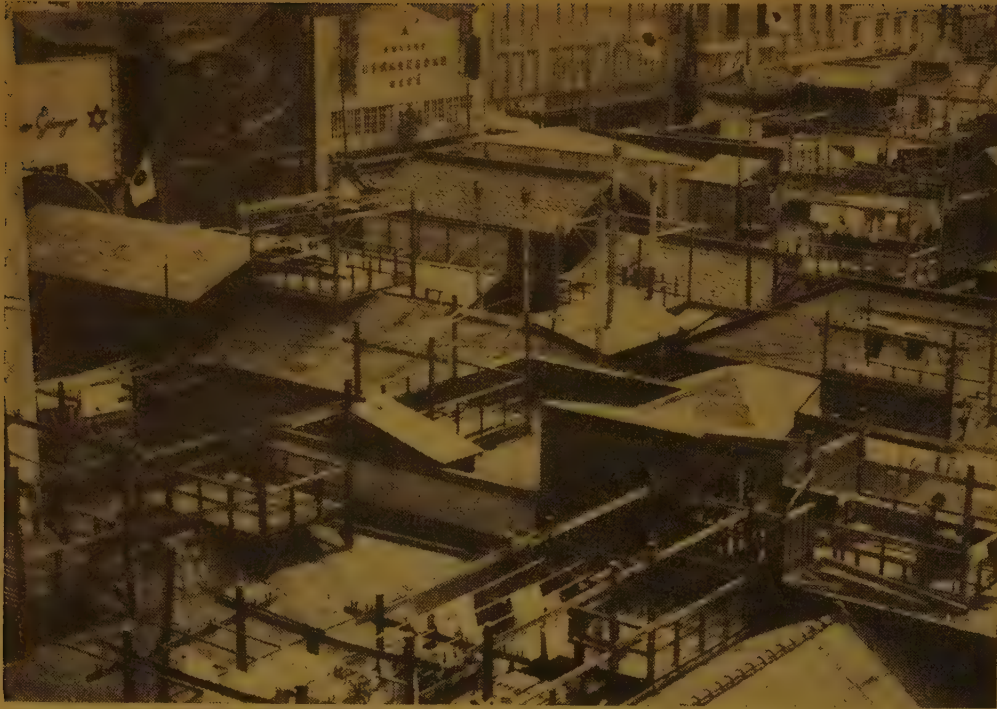
Japanese factory mass production: girls attaching soles to canvas tops of shoes

From 'Japan in Pictures'



The base of Japanese society: the peasant in the rice field

By courtesy of the S.P.G.



A Tokio housing scheme: block of apartment houses built by the municipality for working-class tenants



University student working his way through college by selling newspapers
By courtesy of the Rev. W. H. Murray Walton

E.N.A.



The 'dole' in Japan: official distribution of bread and rice to the unemployed

E.N.A.



Tent-shelter provided for the Tokio unemployed by the local authorities

Wide World



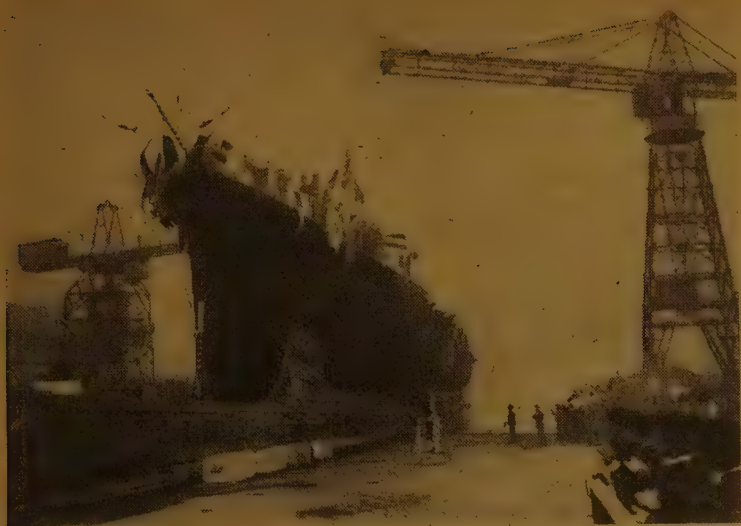
Members of a 'Blood Brotherhood' on trial at Tokio on a charge of murdering the Japanese Finance Minister and others

E.N.A.



New offices of the Education Ministry and Capital Construction Bureau of Manchukuo

From 'Japan in Pictures'



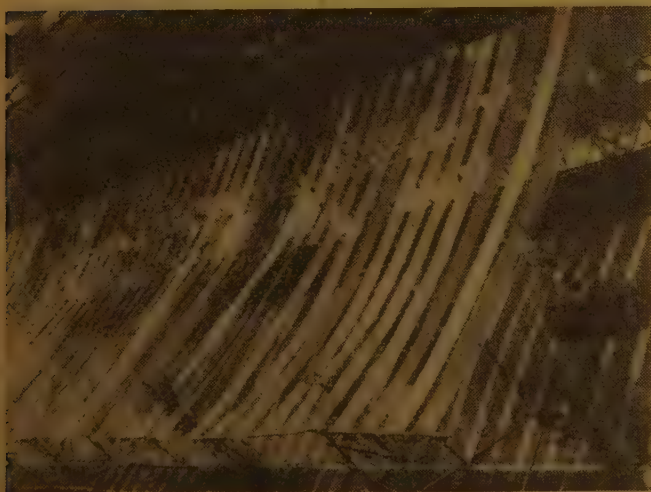
The latest addition to the Japanese Navy: launch of a minesweeper at Osaka



Empire Day procession in Tokio (commemorating the 2,594th anniversary of the accession of Japan's first Emperor)



The Emperor inspecting sound-detectors designed to reveal the whereabouts of approaching enemy aeroplanes



Aerial manoeuvres: street at Osaka camouflaged with white streamers to guard against aerial attack



Japanese soldiers feeding on a meal which costs exactly one penny

Photographs: E.N.A.



A school for brides in Tokio

Wide World

Young girl graduates at Tokio University

Wide World

Children using 'back-stretchers' in the playground of a Tokio elementary school

From 'Changing Japan Seen Through the Camera' (Asahi Shimbun)

Dancing lesson in progress in a public kindergarten

From 'Japan in Pictures'

Members of the Women's Patriotic Association engaged in airplane shooting practice

Wide World

Science Notes

Science at the Universities

LAST Thursday in his presidential address on this subject to the Educational Section of the British Association at Aberdeen, Mr. H. T. Tizard did not discourse vaguely about those parts of his subject of which now nothing can freshly be said, but wisely kept to the points of which as an Oxford man, a former Secretary of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, and Rector of the Imperial College at South Kensington, he has had firsthand experience. He did not open, for example, by telling us what his ideal of a university was. He said no word about the *Studia Generalia* founded by mediæval popes; he made no reference to Cardinal Newman's famous essay on 'The Idea of a University'; he laid down no arbitrary line nicely dividing the true university from the secondary school, the vocational school or the technical college. Yet it was quite apparent that Mr. Tizard accepts in the universities of our country much that idealists like Mr. Flexner of the Rockefeller Trust think is definitely bad; there was hardly, in fact, any violent criticism of the universities for not being what, in fact, they are.

The general growth in the teaching of science at secondary schools has been accompanied by a large increase in the number of students of science at universities. There are now about 50,000 students in the universities of Great Britain, half of whom are studying some form of natural science. A series of difficult questions arises from this increase. Does it make for the good of science? Does it make for the good of the universities? Is it really a university's job to cater for the majority of these people? And so on. Part of the answers to these can be obtained by considering two practical and definite issues. Is the effect of the quality and quantity of students on teachers at universities at the moment good? Do graduates find any difficulty in finding suitable employment at the end of their university careers? The answer to the first is definitely No; to the second, less definitely Yes. Universities should have a much larger proportion of the choicer spirits among students than they have. There are at present far too many passengers taking up the time of men who should be engaged in advanced teaching and research. It is no function of a university to teach students of indifferent attainments or cram them for examinations. Its attitude should be: We give you here the opportunity of learning, if you wish to, from masters of their subjects; we give you access to well-equipped laboratories and libraries; and opportunities for learning from each other. We help you to help yourselves. What use you make of these opportunities depends upon yourselves. If we find you don't or can't make good use of them, out you must go to make room for others. In such an atmosphere learning, individuality and self-reliance flourish. No other should be tolerated in a real university. There are research institutions manned by university graduates where this simple ideal is approached but, unfortunately, no existing British universities.

The ability of the country or of the Empire to provide useful and congenial posts for graduates of science varies from time to time and from subject to subject in science. Properly qualified medical men or chemists or teachers of science get into work much more easily than engineers or biologists or astronomers. Consider, for example, how few university engineers there are in the great motor works at Coventry. Mr. Tizard's experience is that too many engineering graduates get themselves into blind alleys from which they have little opportunity to escape, and this is partly true of other graduates in science. A few years ago there was a substantial and growing demand from Government departments for biologists to serve in this country and in the colonies: the schools and the universities were told to take note; they were glad to be told that the supply was not equal to the demand. Yet when the new supply was forthcoming it happened that the depression had curtailed the demand. Young men of ability, who had engaged in the necessary specialised study, found in the end either no work or work with inadequate prospects. This kind of thing, of course, cannot always be foreseen. Mr. Tizard's remedy is not to over-produce; he would have biological departments at the universities deliberately kept moderate in size but high in quality. In general he advocates limitation of numbers to raise quality. It is clear

that some doctrine regarding the optimum number of science students at our universities should be promulgated. It is obviously bad to have on the country's hands unemployed, or uncongenially and inadequately employed men and women who have been highly trained.

The very nice problem of what applied sciences should be allowed entrance to a university curriculum was not directly discussed. Brewing has made its appearance in the University of Birmingham, domestic science in the Universities of London and Bristol, glass technology in Sheffield, dyeing and the study of textiles at Leeds. Where is one to draw the line dividing technical colleges from universities? It is agreed that a modern university should address itself wholeheartedly and unreservedly to the advancement of knowledge, the study of problems, from whatever source they come, and to the training of men—all at the highest level of possible effort. It is also agreed—in this country—that it is not the business of a university to do anything about any of these problems. In consequence, the 'purer' the science the more likely is it to be a proper study; the more 'applied' or 'commercial' it seems to be, the more suspicious should it be regarded. A lot depends upon the spirit in which the work is done. 'There is nothing in the nature of technology which makes it unsuitable to the methods and spirit of university work'. Though Mr. Flexner is one who would not agree with this opinion of a former University Grants Committee, I should like to quote some words from his book *Universities, American, English, German*. 'A field expedition to unearth an Assyrian palace is admittedly a proper undertaking for university professors; but should coal strikes, Indian unrest, rubber, oil . . . be for the present mainly left to journalists, travellers, and politicians? Do they become proper subjects of academic interest only when they approach the post mortem stage?'

One practical issue arising from this was discussed by Mr. Tizard: the waste of effort and money in the multiplication of specialised departments in different universities. In Germany, with much bigger mining interests than ourselves, there are only five schools of mining engineering of university rank. With us there are ten. To quote Mr. Flexner again: 'At both Oxford and Cambridge there is a School of Agriculture and a School of Forestry, established by the Government and meagrely provided for. Of course, agriculture and forestry deserve schools. But why divided between Oxford, Cambridge, and Rothamsted?'

On the relations between universities and schools in the selection of scholarship candidates Mr. Tizard had two interesting things to say. He believes that very few, if any, boys and girls of first-rate ability, who have specialised in science, are prevented from going to a university through lack of private means. On the other hand, no emoluments that he knows of are deliberately made available to assist able boys at school, who have not specialised there in science, to study science at a university. The first is as it should be. The second has interesting bearings on such subjects as undue specialisation at school or the relation between science and the other subjects of study of a school curriculum.

He ended his address with a plea for study at the university of the broad principles and applications of science by the non-specialist in science. 'The subjects of the university school I have in mind will include the study of the foundations and philosophical background of science; of its history; of the history of social development; of the application of science to industry, to agriculture and medicine; of problems of population and health—and the like. The student will learn that law and order in the universe is not a faith but a reality; and that science is "nothing but trained and organised commonsense". He will learn, too, I hope, to acquire the spirit of that unprejudiced search for truth which is the basis of all fruitful scientific inquiry'. Whether or not this can be done is a matter for experiment rather than discussion. 'The practical thing to do is to make a start . . . to select the right man to direct such a school—and there are men available—to put him in the right environment, and give him the opportunity to work out his own ideas'.

A. S. RUSSELL

Educational Issues of Today—VII

Do School Studies Train the Mind?

By Professor F. A. CAVENAGH

Professor Cavenagh holds the Chair of Education at Reading University

THIS at first sight seems a silly question. For, it will be asked, if school studies do not train the mind, what is their value? Apart from the fundamental subjects (in particular, the three R's), the great majority of people make little or no direct use in after-life of what they learned at school; whilst many of those who carry their studies further, to the secondary or even the university stage, take up occupations that require little book-learning. If, then, the traditional subjects of the curriculum are to be justified, it can only be on the ground that they train or discipline the mind. Ordinary lay opinion holds that they do: commonsense tells us that there is a marked difference between an 'educated' and an 'uneducated' man, and that it pays to spend money on a boy's education even though he may not be destined for one of the learned professions, just because of this undefined educative effect of apparently 'useless' subjects.

'The Doctrine of Formal Training is Exploded'

That indeed was formerly the view of professional educators: it is known technically as the theory of Formal Training or Mental Discipline. Briefly stated, it means that various studies exercise or sharpen various powers or 'faculties' of the mind, which can then be used with increased efficiency on other material. It is argued by analogy that the mind can be strengthened like the muscles of the body, or sharpened like a tool on a whetstone; and just as muscle or tool can be used for any purpose, so, it was believed, 'transfer' would occur from one particular study to the mind as a whole. Thus, to take the most obvious examples, it was held that Latin and mathematics, however little progress a boy might make in them, 'sharpened his wits' in some unique and mysterious way. And so, when these subjects were attacked as being useless for practical pursuits, their retention was hotly defended on the grounds of formal training. But this extreme position has now been given up. For some thirty years the problem has been closely investigated by psychologists; though their experiments have led to rather conflicting results, it may safely be said that the amount of transfer from the study of any one subject is now generally agreed to be much less than was formerly supposed; in other words, no subject should be included in the curriculum solely because of its supposed general effects on the mind. The doctrine of formal training is exploded. That, indeed, was bound to follow the downfall of the old faculty psychology, which divided the mind into a number of separate departments, such as memory, will, observation, imagination, etc., each of which could be separately developed. There is, for example, no single faculty of memory: learning poetry by heart does not strengthen the memory for dates or faces or scientific principles. Or again, a very keen observer of, say, natural history may be singularly blind in other directions: there is plainly no faculty of observation. On the contrary, a man's mind works along the lines of his interests, and not in any of these imaginary compartments.

There is, however, a serious danger in stating these facts in a careless or exaggerated manner. To give the impression that there is no educative value in school studies is to furnish the opponents of education with a powerful weapon; and it is, in that crude form, quite untrue. The problem is indeed of vital importance, for on its solution depend not merely methods of teaching but the broad lines of educational policy. We must therefore look into it more closely.

Creation of Permanent Interests

One clue is provided by a word used a few lines above, *interests*. While the transfer value of a school subject in itself may be small, yet if it can be so presented as to rouse in the learner a keen and lasting interest, then it is much more likely to produce a general effect on the mind. To such permanent interests the term 'sentiment' is now often applied. We all have sentiments of various strength—for our friends, our country, and ourselves, as well as for games or books or music;

and these sentiments, linked up as they usually are with the most powerful emotions, form the guiding forces of life. A sentiment formed around such a school subject as history, for instance, will have far-reaching effects; its possessor will read widely and intelligently; he will learn foreign languages if they are required by his researches; above all, he will tend to interpret current events in the light of history. For such a person history will not be, in Mr. Ford's famous phrase, bunk: it will widen and liberalise his mind. But history taught as an affair of meaningless names and dates, and to a pupil whose tastes do not attract him to the past, will be entirely profitless. Similarly, a strong sentiment for science may manifest itself in a general attitude of mind: though it may have originated in the study of one branch of science, it may be expected to result in a generalised scientific spirit. And so with other subjects. A passion for the classics remains the justification for that 'grand old discipline', since it is likely to produce a humanistic outlook—whereas mere gerund-grinding is not. It seems to be less the actual subject that matters than the way in which it is studied: the letter killeth but the spirit maketh alive.

It will be noticed that in the last paragraph no extravagant claims have been made: it is safer to say 'may' than 'must'. One fallacy of formal training was the assumption that transfer must necessarily occur. Where no sentiment is formed but one of boredom or dislike, one can feel pretty certain that the general effects will be bad; but even where the right sentiments are formed one can make no certain prophecy: the chances are strongly in favour of transfer, but there is no necessity about it.

Study of Distasteful Subjects Has Little Value

Now if such an interest is to be aroused, it will plainly depend on the tastes and aptitudes of the individual learner. And here an important principle emerges. While an adequate choice of subjects should be presented to the pupil, in order that he may find what suits him, it is no use persisting with subjects that make no appeal to him or for which he shows no ability. On the other hand, it is dangerous to go too far in the other direction, as that would encourage laziness. The right course must be discovered for each individual. Examination regulations that insist on a fixed set of subjects, and reward mediocre attainments in five subjects more than excellence in four, are undoubtedly harmful: neither the knowledge nor the training derived from the study of a distasteful subject is likely to be worth anything.

Another principle is this. Certain desirable habits may be expected to result from school studies, such as perseverance, the independent attack of problems, application of previous knowledge in new situations, above all, learning how to think. No one subject can claim a monopoly in the inculcation of such habits, though the claim has often been made by the advocates of the classics and of science—of the latter Herbert Spencer is a notorious example. But it has been shown by experiment that the formation of such habits depends very largely on the pupil's awareness of his methods of study. Mere rote-learning, or the blind use of formulæ or other rules of thumb, may produce immediate results (*e.g.* examination successes), but they will not lead to thinking; on the contrary, they tend to stultify the mind. Hence the boy who does 'brilliantly' in school examinations sometimes turns out dull in after life. To secure, or at any rate to aim at securing, mental training we must insure that the pupil understands how he reaches his results, and that he can apply similar or appropriate methods in other circumstances. The same amount of actual information may be acquired either in an intelligent or in a stupid manner; in the one case it will, let us hope, train the mind; in the other it quite certainly will not.

Thus it is impossible to answer the question at the head of this article with a direct Yes or No. As in all educational matters, we come eventually to the relations between teacher

and taught. Administration is of course important: schools must be organised, with proper buildings and equipment: but no amount of legislation or regulations can ensure genuine education. The value of the Hadow re-organisation or the raising of the school-leaving age depends entirely on what goes on inside the schools. It is idle to suppose that simply by keeping children long enough at school, or by teaching them such and such subjects, we can make certain of an educated democracy. Even in secondary schools an immense amount

of effort is wasted because we are teaching subjects unsuited to many by methods that aim chiefly at examination success; and the same criticism applies to universities. What is needed is a more skilful selection of pupils for various types of school, of subjects for the particular pupil; for most, less ground must be covered and the pace must be slower; above all, there must be greater insistence on thought and conscious method. Then and only then can we hope that school studies will really train the mind.

'This Freedom'—X

Liberty and Education

By H. G. WOOD

The Director of Studies at Woodbrooke Settlement, Birmingham, here discusses how far liberty can be reconciled with social efficiency, in the sphere of education

WHEN we oppose liberty to social efficiency in our minds, we assume that social efficiency can only be secured by forms of social control which curtail personal liberty. Such social control may be negative and positive. It may limit personal liberty by forbidding the doing of certain things. It will impose more drastic limits on liberty, if it enjoins the doing of certain other things. Short of peremptory injunctions, the State or society may promote social efficiency by encouraging desirable and discouraging undesirable personal activities in ways which leave the individual's decision still unfettered.

Two-fold Character of Education

In the realm of education, however, to assume a simple contrast or a direct conflict between liberty and social efficiency is extraordinarily misleading. If the broad aims of society are, first, to enable men to live, to provide the things necessary for the health and nurture of their bodies; and second, to enable men to live the good life together, to make provision for their higher spiritual needs, then education must be concerned with both aims. It will follow that at least in a society which regards liberty as essential to the good life, no system of education will be socially efficient which is not permeated with the spirit of freedom. Liberty will only be sacrificed to social efficiency in education on one or other of two conditions. If education be limited to the first purpose of society, its aims will be technical efficiency pure and simple, and it may produce robots. If liberty find no place in the ideal which a given society seeks to realise, education in such a society obviously would not be effective if it set out to train free men.

Assuming that personal liberty is an integral element in our idea of the good life, we have still to enquire what we mean by it. Not only have many crimes been committed in the name of liberty, but also a great deal of nonsense has been sheltered under the ægis of the goddess. The freedom with which education is concerned is not the liberty of the natural man to do what he likes. It is the spiritual freedom that comes through knowledge, 'Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free'. There is no education which does not involve an infringement of the natural liberty of the child. Education is necessarily discipline, and only through discipline is true freedom possible. Discipline is not to be equated with the methods of the drill-sergeant or the martinet; and we have long since discarded the idea that dullness is a virtue in a teacher. The teacher is there to make subjects interesting, to eliminate unnecessary difficulty, but not to make things too easy. For education is not, as an erroneous derivation of the word led some to suppose, a process of drawing something out of the child, a way of letting the child exfoliate and express itself. It is rather, as Mazzini said, the bread of the soul, the provision of food convenient for the child, and such provision includes an occasional crust to bite on and not a perpetual diet of pap.

The Socially Inefficient Cannot be Free

Another aspect of the problem emerges when we remember that the socially inefficient person cannot be free. Freedom for the individual can only be secured by enabling him to take his part in the life of society as a citizen and as a worker.

Education must then fit a man for some active calling in the service of the commonwealth and for the wider duties of citizenship. Here the task of the educator is complicated by its possessing a two-fold character. He has to prepare his pupils to live in society as it is, and also in society as it may be or should be. Education has to be adjusted to a social order in peril or in need of change. A deeper issue still lies hidden in the slogan, 'Education for citizenship'. Of what city are we citizens? Is our ultimate loyalty to some national State here on earth, or do we belong to a more enduring city, and is our true citizenship in heaven? What must the State do, if its citizens are divided on this fundamental issue?

In the modern world, Mr. Bernard Shaw argues, the State must adopt a faith and enforce it. There must be no compromise and no nonsense about it. Mr. Shaw hopes and indeed assumes that the faith to be adopted and enforced will be his own belief in creative evolution, in socialist economics and in vegetarianism. But the States who follow his counsel will certainly disappoint him, and, in any case, this enforced uniformity of belief would undermine the liberties of minorities, the independence of teachers and the reverence due to youth. A common faith, a common ideal of the good life we certainly need in any modern civilised community. Is it impossible to reach such a unity of faith and purpose without such wholesale sacrifices of liberty? Must minorities suffer, must teachers be fettered and blinkered, and must youth be exploited in the interests of a dogmatic system? Can we in Great Britain get the driving power of a common creed without the suppression of liberty characteristic of Bolshevism or Fascism?

Should We Concentrate on 'Safe' Subjects?

The alternative solution which immediately suggests itself is that education, so far as it is the concern of the State, should concentrate on those branches of knowledge which will be recognised as necessary in any form of society and in which there are accepted standards of judgment. We cannot go wrong in elementary education if we continue to impart the knowledge of the famous three R's. In higher education, objective standards obtain in several spheres of science, and these we can make the staple fare of our curriculum. We can, in short, pursue 'safe' studies, as far as possible from fields of controversy. This solution involves some limitations on teachers, but it is least likely to offend the susceptibilities of parents, and at first sight it seems fair to youth as it leaves the young free to form their own judgment on matters of dispute. But it is doubtful whether an education so limited makes the full contribution to the good life which we have the right to expect from schools and colleges.

A socially efficient system of education should go further, particularly in helping the person educated to understand how society has reached its present position and to appreciate the nature of proposed and probable changes. The State may not determine far-reaching issues on which its citizens are divided, but it may use its system of education to ensure that controversial issues are discussed with forbearance and understanding. There is a tendency in modern education to overweight the curriculum on the side of natural science, because in biology or chemistry we have objective standards, and natural scientists are supposed to enjoy a monopoly of what are some-

times called public truths. But to neglect history and literature because agreed judgments in these fields are not so easily reached is a mistake. For the historian there are rules for the honest handling of evidence, which he must observe, whatever his particular personal preferences may be, and in literature there are classics whose position the most perverse of modern critics would not dispute. Unfair partisanship in the teacher of history should be almost as easy to detect as ignorance and prejudice in a teacher of science. If this be so, it should not be necessary to exclude controversial subjects from the sphere of State education. Without forcing scholars to take a particular side, a good school would enable them to form intelligent judgments.

The Teacher Must be Fundamentally Free

It is apparent that since there are always at least two parties involved in an educational process, namely teachers and taught, and since where the taught are children, parents are also concerned, complete liberty of self-determination cannot be enjoyed by all, and must indeed be denied to all. As we have seen, the child is necessarily under discipline, and while attempts to work with the child's spontaneous interest are praiseworthy, the freedom of choice given to the child under some systems has at least to be guided by suggestion if it is not to end in misdirection of interest and energy. There can be no absolute liberty of the child to determine the course of his or her educational development. Sooner or later certain elements of knowledge must be acquired. The position of the parent again is not one of complete freedom. Parents have no absolute right over their children and they may not limit their children's education by their own ignorance and prejudice. But in a socially efficient system, parental responsibility would not be overridden and some choice of schools might well be left to parents. They have a right to ask that their children shall not be taught to ignore or despise the faith of their fathers; whatever it may happen to be. The teachers likewise have to accept restrictions on their liberty. If they are employed by a State that is resolved to maintain a dogmatic creed, teachers lose their liberty of criticism and are subject to a credal test. If the State is not committed in some matters of ultimate belief, teachers, if they are to be loyal and honourable, must forgo the liberty of religious and political propaganda. The demands of necessary subjects on a limited timetable will restrict the range of a teacher's interests and his liberty of experiment. Of these limitations the first is the worst, and there is no real excuse for subjecting teachers to

such limitations in a democratic State. No teacher resents limitations which are not arbitrary in character but which spring from the demands of truth and of respect for his fellow-men. At least, anyone who does resent such limitations is not fit to be a teacher. But teachers may well resent conditions which force them to lower their standards and ideals as teachers, whenever the State is in a position to rectify such conditions. The large classes in our elementary schools are a real handicap to the legitimate and necessary liberty of the teacher. Moreover the teacher cannot be efficient unless he is fundamentally free, unless he himself accepts and approves whatever limitations are involved in his work and unless he knows that he is trusted. Rightly understood liberty is the condition of social efficiency in education. The State has the right to test the knowledge and sincerity of candidates for the office of teacher, but once assured of their knowledge and sincerity, the State will only get the best out of its teachers in an atmosphere of trust and freedom.

No Excuse for Spoon-feeding

In the realm of adult education, it is still more manifest that freedom is the breath of life. Neither the educators nor the educated can rightly be subjected to dictation. A better case can be made out for treating children as adults than for treating adults as children. In this country at least, there is no excuse for attempting to spoon-feed the adult population. The student here will rightly follow his own predilections in his choice of subject. Teachers of University standing can only consent to be judged by their equals. It would be the greatest possible mistake to limit further the rights of self-government which Universities at present enjoy in Great Britain. If it should be necessary to limit, as in Germany, the numbers of students entering degree courses, owing to the crowded state of the careers and professions for which such courses serve as a preparation, no limit should be put to the extra-mural and extension work of the Universities. Here the State must work along with voluntary associations and relatively independent corporations. The Danish model, embodied in their People's High School system, is the right one. The State will support any form of genuine education started by voluntary initiative which can show that it meets a real though limited public demand. For adult education to be healthy and progressive much room must be left for voluntary initiative. In elementary education, the essentials are indisputable and there is less possibility of variety. Even there rigid uniformity is undesirable, but in higher education strict regimentation is fatal.

Six English Gardens—V

Petworth Park: Magnificence with Simplicity

By RUSSELL PAGE

PETWORTH stands for a kind of country life which was almost everywhere destroyed at the end of the eighteenth century. With its surroundings it exists as though there had been no industrial revolution. Its gardening tradition carries on directly from the days when pleasure grounds, park, arboretum, fruit and vegetable gardens were all exactly adjusted to supply the needs of and provide the pleasures for the house which they surrounded.

The parks of Petworth, Goodwood and Cowdray are all near each other in West Sussex. That of Petworth is surrounded by a stone wall thirteen miles long. The house is only separated from the village by the stables and the servants' wing, a detached range of charming seventeenth-century buildings. The eight brick-walled acres of kitchen garden are to the south; to the north is the wilderness.

The deer park comes right up to the western front of the house whose facade of creamy stone is over three hundred foot long and was built about 1688 by an unknown, though almost certainly a French, architect. Had it the normal trappings of a great house of its period, a vast formal parterre with pleached trees, canals, clipped box and statuary it would still have remained a magnificent architectural *tour de force*. As it is, framed in trees and rising immediately from an enormous expanse of close-cropped turf, it is unique. Such a juxtaposition of park and house is not uncommon on the entrance front of a

Palladian mansion, but even then there was generally a sunk fence to protect the drive or clumps of shrubs were planted to soften a too sudden transition. Here is nothing but a stone terrace not above six foot wide raised by two steps from the grass. This is necessary as a base line for so large a building. Without it the house would look insecure. So with the utmost simplicity the great mass of this building terminates one of the most lovely of English landscapes.

This park owes its present form to that Lord Egremont whose interests and activities covered an amazingly wide range from farming to fine art. He was a patron of Romney and Flaxman, and Turner spent much time at Petworth, formulating those theories of colour which were later to be manifested in a magnificent series of paintings. Amongst them is the famous 'Drawing-room at Petworth', now in the National Gallery. It was Lord Egremont who made the serpentine lakes which can be seen from the house and disposed clumps of trees in the tradition which made the English park a model for all Europe.

He it was, too, who laid out the pleasure-gardens to the north of the house. These were formerly called 'the birchen walks', which suggests that in the previous century there had been formally-disposed alleys of these trees. Now it is almost a wood of big Spanish chestnuts and limes. Near the house is a little clearing in which is a classical summer-house with pediment and doric columns. It shelters a very beautiful spindle-backed



The roofless columned rotunda at the end of the pleasure gardens

Photograph taken for THE LISTENER by Edgar Ward

eighteenth-century wooden garden seat. Further on, the ground rises to a mount crowned by a roofless columned rotunda, a last sentinel of civilisation, below which the ground falls rapidly away to the open park.

Such a grove is usually either cleared away in the interests of modern improvement or allowed to fall into decay. Lady Leconfield has realised a problem and is solving it in a new way. In the more open places she has massed unusual shrubs for flower and autumn colour, *rhus typhina*, *euonymus alatus*, various cherry species and magnolias. The steep bank on which is the circular temple is thickly planted with *cotoneaster salicifolia*, *berberis* species and two huge drifts of scarlet Japanese maples. In deeper

shade there are many of the bigger-leaved rhododendrons, including *falconeri* and *sino-grande*, and there is a walk between a young avenue of various *craetagus* species. The same theme on a bigger scale is carried out into the park, where there is a coppice of young *nothofagus* (cousins from the southern hemisphere of our native beeches) and where rare conifers and hardwoods are being planted for the future.

The pleasure-grounds to the north and south of the house are protected from the deer park by two wide curving grilles of wrought iron. These in combination with some finely carved and very large stone urns supply all the necessary architectural overtones. One such urn is sheltered by a tulip tree, one of the



Entrance to kitchen gardens, showing statues and archway

Photograph taken for THE LISTENER by Edgar Ward

first five to be planted in England. Near here and close to the main entrance is a covered court for real tennis half concealed by a wide border planted entirely with flowering shrubs. Many unusual species grow here with great luxuriance, including a very large specimen of *photinia villosa*.

The kitchen gardens close by are encircled and divided into three parts by high brick walls. They are connected by a wide path which passes between flower borders through all three enclosures. The entrance from the lawn is guarded by statues, cypresses and ranged tubs of *agapanthus*. A long border of flowers runs away to right and left and at each side of the brick arch leading into the gardens is a huge bush of *rosa moyesii* covered now with scarlet fruit.

The first pair of borders inside the garden wall are backed by beech hedges and are planted chiefly with orange and red flowers. Their noble breadth gives marvellous opportunities for spacious planting. In the next garden the borders are blue, pink and mauve, and beyond the last wall they revert to orange and yellow and are terminated by a large urn silhouetted against the blue ridge of the South Downs.

Behind the right hand border in the first garden is a square sunk garden filled now with annuals, tagetes, calendulas and Cape marigolds, with masses of sweet-scented heliotrope for contrast. Against the low retaining walls grows *rosa sinica anemone*. It is the most lovely of all rose species, with single pink flowers six inches across. It comes from China and is much easier to cultivate than is commonly supposed. Here, too, is the rare *bilbergia* with bright violet berries.

In the second garden there is a round brick-lined tank filled with peat and kept permanently moist. Here are crabberries, like our native bilberries, a species of *vaccinium*, and this, I think, is the only private garden where they are grown.

In the last garden more space has been taken for purely decorative purposes. A wide path runs parallel to the brick wall between borders of Michaelmas daisies, and ends in each direction in a circle of grass under a big mulberry tree. The Michaelmas daisies are arranged according to height, and each plant is restricted to four shoots. Grown like this the individual flowers are much finer, the plants are easy to stake, and one small plant gives a better show than a huge old clump. This method, however, involves division, frequent replanting and vigorous thinning.

Near the urn at the end of the long borders is one small planting detail which is unusual and specially successful. A wide bed is carpeted with *gazania splendens*, from which at intervals rise clumps of orange and red helichrysum and red zinnias. Though only half hardy it is well worth keeping a few cuttings of the *gazania* in order to have their wide spreading masses of dark green leaves which are covered all summer through with huge orange daisy-like flowers. Such ground carpeting with higher tufts at intervals is only successful when the tall plants are well separated and irregularly planted.

The vegetable and fruit gardens at Petworth are especially interesting. For many years collections of vegetables from here, shown at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, rivalled those from Aldenham House, and an enormous variety is still grown. Gooseberries are grown as cordons. Each plant is allowed to develop only three stems which are trained to wires. This method takes up very little space and for once it is possible to pick the fruit in comfort. One length of east wall is given over to late peaches. This seemed very unorthodox until it was explained that the afternoon sun warms the wall right through from the other side. Such specialisation is unusual and fascinating in an age when all such things appear in shop windows miraculously ripe and ready or in tins.

Petworth remains, in actuality, self-contained, with all the traditional equipment of country life. In spite of its size and its magnificence it retains close contact with the essential simplicities of the soil. And trees and flowers, well understood, take their proper place in a stately design for living.

The gardens of Petworth House are open to the public on September 15 and the afternoon of September 16.

'There are two sorts of guide book, the antiquarian and the popular', says Mr. John Betjeman in his introduction to *Cornwall Illustrated* (Architectural Press, 3s. 6d.). 'This book about Cornwall', he goes on, 'does not try to compete with either type. It is more of an anthology'. It has been sponsored by Shell Mex and B.P., Ltd., and contains something of what one would expect in each sort of guide, plus a good many excellent photographs (not of the conventional type) and a little something which neither of the others has got. The four sectional maps of the country are quite adequate for the motorist, who will also be glad to see full details of ferry services and charges. The walker, on the other hand, will turn to the pages on bird- and plant-life, the sportsman to those on fishing and hunting, and the amateur archaeologist or antiquarian to the descriptions of some of Cornwall's prehistoric remains, her sadly over-restored churches, and her saints. The saints were, at a casual glance, a fierce tribe. St. Columb may have been renowned for his gentleness, but St. Minver frightened the devil so much that he fell down a hole in the earth at Lundy Bay; St. Mawnan never washed; St. Fingar cursed the spot where he met two quarrelling women, so that it is bare to this day; and St. Samson cursed a woman who had thrown a spear at his companion, so that she died. The anthology contains recipes for some of the famous Cornish delicacies—pasties, splits, saffron buns and potato cakes; and concludes with a section on the Isle of Scilly. In no case should this small manual be taken as a complete guide to the country, but as a supplement to the more generally supplied information it is full of interest.

The author of 'Growing Wings in 1915,' an extract from which was published in our last issue asks us to state that his name is A. J. Insall, and not 'Insull' as printed.



The deer park at Petworth



The north side of the house, with wrought iron grille to divide it from the deer park

Photographs taken for THE LISTENER by Edgar Ward

To the South

By J. R. RYMILL

Mr. Rymill is Leader of the British Graham Land Expedition which left London last week to explore the Antarctic

AN expedition in the Falkland Islands Dependency of the Antarctic was being thought out two years ago by Gino Watkins, who had come home the previous autumn from leading the British Arctic Air Route Expedition. But the economic depression prevented him from getting enough funds for his project, so he postponed this plan and set out to continue the work in East Greenland which he had so successfully begun. As you know, he was drowned on this expedition and it was therefore left to his followers to carry on his work in the south.

Four other members of this new expedition besides myself gained their first Polar experience with Watkins. Our ship, the *Penola*, is a three-masted topsail schooner, with a net carrying capacity of about 130 tons. She has been fitted and specially strengthened at Southampton for her voyage south; her two 50 h.p. Diesel engines have been thoroughly overhauled and there have been special guards built round her twin propellers to protect them from the ice. A great part of the space below deck has been utilised as hold, but this still leaves us ample accommodation. Six of us are sleeping in a large cabin aft and the remainder in small cabins round the port side of the ship. Part of the stores, including the aeroplane, the sections of the base hut and the dogs, have already been taken to the Falkland Islands by Hampton and Stephenson, but even without these our ship will be well loaded. She has on board a Bristol air-cooled tractor, sledges, skis, fuel for power and lighting, scientific apparatus and a three years' food supply.

Unlike any previous Antarctic expedition, we shall sail the ship ourselves without the help of a paid crew. Some of the party are already experienced seamen. Ryder, the captain, crossed the Pacific and Atlantic in command of the 24-ton ketch, *Taimoshan*, and his brother has also had considerable sailing experience. Martin, the first mate, has twice sailed to the Antarctic under Mawson, and those of us who were with Watkins have gained considerable experience in the ice. Some of the scientific staff, however, have yet to be trained in seamanship, and in return for their instruction they hope later to get the mariners of the party to lend them a hand in their scientific work. The *Penola* is expected to reach Monte Video, the first port of call, about October 20. There she will await the arrival of Bingham, the expedition doctor, who is to bring with him some thirty-five sledge-dogs, which are being sent to Liverpool from Labrador. Our first consignment of dogs was bought in Greenland, but more than half of them have died on their voyage to the Falkland Islands from some disease, the cause of which hasn't yet been discovered. As soon as Bingham reaches Monte Video, probably on October 26, he will bring the dogs on board the *Penola* and we shall sail for the Falkland Islands. There we pick up our advance party

and meet the Government research ship, *Discovery II*, which has promised to help in the transport of stores as far as the first base in Graham Land. When we reach there, the aeroplane will be rigged and a reconnaissance flight made towards the south to observe the state of the ice.

I cannot possibly tell you what the movements of the expedition will be after that, because they depend on the date of the breaking up of the sea ice in the south, but information gained from aeroplane flights may help us to push the *Penola* far south and establish our base in unexplored territory. The further south we can get with our ship the more feasible it

will be for us to carry out our main work, which is to explore the unknown country lying between Luitpold Land and Charcot Land. This may mean about 2½ years' work, as two long sledge journeys will have to be made, one to the east towards Luitpold Land and one to the west towards Charcot Land. Each of these is expected to occupy a full summer sledging season, and before they can be undertaken, food depots will have to be laid in the spring. But the difficulty of foretelling conditions in an entirely unexplored land is so great that it is impossible to give a definite estimate of the time the expedition will take.

The fate of Nordenskjöld's *Antarctic* and of Shackleton's *Endurance*, both of which were crushed by the ice in the Weddell Sea, are sufficient evidence of the difficulty of sailing south on the east side of Graham Land. The west coast, however, has a better reputation, and if a good wintering place can be

found for the ship, it should be quite possible to freeze her in for the winters. On the other hand, she may have to return to winter in north Graham Land.

The base will consist of a two-storied hut, built with a double thickness of boarding with insulating material between; a hangar for the aeroplane will be attached to the house. Life at our base won't be so luxurious as at Little America, but with electric light, anthracite stoves, an excellent library, a gramophone and two accordions, we expect to be in reasonable comfort. We shan't get any mails, of course, after we leave the *Discovery II*, but we have wireless communication, and accounts of the expedition will appear in the *Times*.

The Antarctic climate has a reputation of being the most uncongenial in the world, except perhaps that of Central Greenland, and so it is very unlikely that it will ever be possible to explore any mineral resources which may be found. Exploration in this part of the world, therefore, probably won't reveal facts of immediate economic importance, except those found by modern biological research which are of value to the whaling industry. As with all attempts to interpret the mysteries of nature, the success of this adventure will depend largely on the resourcefulness of the individual members of our party and the kindly hand of Providence.



The *Penola* in St. Katharine Dock

The Times

Life in the Gold Coast

By NANA SIR OFORI ATTA

Part of a talk broadcast on August 28 by the Paramount Chief of Akim Abuakwa in the Gold Coast

MANY of you who drink cocoa which the Gold Coast produces (and I wish you'd drink more of it) may be interested to hear something about life and conditions there. You may imagine jungles, wild animals and naked savages who spend their days hunting and their nights feasting, beating tomtoms, and doing war dances. But the truth is different. The Gold Coast is about the size of England, but it has a population of only three millions, which is less than half of London's population. We have what we consider a great deal of traffic on the roads—buses, motor lorries, motor-cars and mule carts—but it's nothing, of course, to the traffic you have over here. We have many churches and schools in the Gold Coast and two excellent colleges, Achimota and Mfantsipin, at Accra and Cape Coast.

The people are very progressive and enterprising. As regards clothing, they all wear African or European dress. Our young men and women are fond of bright colours, and the cloths used for wraps are always pretty. In Ashanti and Asuana the men weave the cloths worn, but generally European cloth is bought for wraps. They love music and dancing, and in Accra there are cinemas which are well patronised. The gramophone is very popular, and the wireless is gradually becoming known. In sport, football, cricket and tennis are played, and we have inter-colonial games with Nigeria, and I hope it will not be long before we send a cricket team over here.

There are few luxuries, houses are nearly all of one storey with verandahs and simply furnished, for the needs of my people aren't extravagant. Life is altogether very simple there. We have sunshine all the year round, and the majority of our

people work in the fields throughout the year. But the economic depression which has affected the whole world has affected us, too. Cocoa is our staple product—we have about 14,000 square miles cultivated in it—and almost everything in the Gold Coast and Ashanti depends on it. But there has been a serious fall in cocoa prices, and in the prices of other local commodities, too, such as palm oil, palm kernels and copra; and the people are going through a very difficult time. The price they are now receiving for their produce is insuffi-

cient for their bare necessities, simple as they are. Japanese cheap goods were a boon, but the quota bill recently passed has put an end to this, and the cost of living has gone up because our people have got to buy British goods at higher prices. The peasant earns so little money that even what may seem to be a small tax to the European is a great burden to him. Still, our people are always very cheerful in all circumstances.

Kibi, the capital of my State of Akim Abuakwa, is 60 miles inland from Accra. Land in Akim Abuakwa belongs to no particular person. All the Stool or Throne lands in the State are held as communal property by the Stools in trust, and for the use of the people of Akim Abuakwa. Any member of the Akim Abuakwa tribe can cultivate any forest land in the State without having to have it sold or leased to him. Proprietary right in land only begins from the time of occupation, and it is then held by the occupier as a member of the Akim Abuakwa tribe, and a subject of the Paramount Stool. He can use it for any purpose and pays neither rent nor tribute. But he cannot pass it on to any person who is not a member of the tribe. The ultimate right of disposal is vested in the Chief in Council in the interests of the community.



Nana Sir Ofori Atta at the Durbar, August, 1927

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Drying cocoa in the Gold Coast



The new Palace of Justice, Kibi, in course of construction



Blacksmith's shop in the trade school at Kibi

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*

American Poetry

One must be grateful to Mr. Grigson for his mention of Wallace Stevens, who is one of the most remarkable of living American poets, and one of the most neglected, and whose one volume, *Harmonium*, still awaits an English publisher, after eleven years; Ransom, too, deserves more attention in England than he has received; but with Mr. Grigson's general attitude towards American poetry I think few informed Americans would agree. A great deal too much has been said, by those whose theory outruns their first-hand knowledge, of the profound difference of the American 'mind' or 'psyche' from the English: and I venture to suggest that a lot of it is nonsense, especially in its bearing on literature. Superficial strangenesses and differences, in American poetry, there may be; and it is easy for a careless critic to exaggerate the importance of these differences, or to see them perhaps as *essentially* American. On the whole, they matter very little; and where they are most marked, they usually turn out to be most ephemeral. After all, poetry deals with universals. In proportion as it approaches excellence, or depth, it also approaches a kind of internationalism; and in this regard Mr. Roberts, with his suggestion that English and American poetry tend to converge, seems much nearer the truth than Mr. Grigson. A striking proof of the closeness of the two poetries is afforded by the extraordinary influence which American poets—especially Eliot and Pound, but one might add 'H.D.' and Frost—have had on their English contemporaries during the past ten or fifteen years. Eliot's 'Prufrock' (which according to Mr. Grigson 'only a young American could have written') and his 'Waste Land' could hardly have provided so all-staining a murex, nor the poems of Robert Frost so profoundly coloured the consciousness of Edward Thomas, if the American 'mind' or 'psyche' were so remote and alien as Mr. Grigson appears to believe. I am afraid Mr. Grigson is one of those critics who *looks* for strangeness in American poetry and is dissatisfied when he doesn't find it. Otherwise it is difficult to explain his rather disproportionate emphasis on the work of Miss Riding (which heaven knows is strange enough) and his cavalier dismissal of Emily Dickinson. To describe Emily Dickinson as 'platitudinous' and 'common-place in feeling', is enough to discredit his critical judgment almost entirely. By any standards, she was one of the finest poets of the nineteenth century; and certainly the greatest woman poet who has used the English language. She was both American and English; in short, she was a poet.

Rye

CONRAD AIKEN

'From the Ruins of Coleridge'

I read with interest in THE LISTENER of August 29 a violent attack by Lawrence H. Smith on Mr. Madge's review 'From the Ruins of Coleridge'. The review, says Mr. Smith, was 'impregnated' with misstatements, contradictions, levity and condescension; it was misleading in fact, offensive in tone, and in dubious taste. It is quite obvious that in his anxiety to annihilate his opponent, Mr. Smith threw logic and caution to the winds. He not only discovers an 'obvious difference' between Mr. Potter's statement, 'Coleridge's life begins to seem more important than the isolated perfections of his work', and Mr. Madge's version of it, 'He is now so preoccupied with the biography of the poet that he is tempted to assert paradoxically that it is more important than his work', but proceeds to damn Mr. Madge for 'changing his mind' in the course of the review. Had Mr. Smith been willing to devote two minutes' logical thought to this review, he would have noticed that Mr. Madge said firstly, that Coleridge's life was not so important as his poetry; secondly, that his life was extremely important in estimating his poetry.

It seems we must recognise that there exists a definite mentality which is violently and adversely stimulated by any literary criticism which departs from strictly antiquarian form. Accustomed to the apparently factual conclusions of the antiquary, discoveries easily wrapped in charming sentimentality, such minds are bewildered by criticism coming from a different source—sensitivity, and a knowledge of the springs

of emotion added to an acquaintance with poetic technique. The whole species can be to a certain extent delimited by a simple test; their strongest term of abuse will be the word 'highbrow', applied to all forms of strictly literary criticism. Mr. Madge was fortunate to avoid it. Let not Mr. Smith think that professors are always grateful to him. I quote from the greatest scholar of our day, Professor A. E. Housman. 'Let me retire', he says, 'from my incursion into the foreign territory of literary criticism. I will not say with Coleridge that I re-centre my mind in the deep sabbath of meek self-content; but I shall go back with relief and thankfulness to my proper job'.

London, W.C.1

G. HUNTER

Revealing Accents

In reading Lord Ponsonby's article entitled 'Revealing Accents' it is difficult to understand how many of his statements and conclusions could have been made, or arrived at, without totally ignoring the very purpose of language—namely, the best means by which individuals attain a full knowledge and understanding of each other. How otherwise can he justify such statements as 'There ought to be no such thing as any fixed standard' (of pronunciation) and 'Everyone should talk as he has been brought up to talk'. Variety is charming, but could we not well afford to sacrifice most of it in this direction, if, by so doing, an easier and better understanding of one another resulted? No one in this country, I should think, wants to 'enforce' a fixed standard, but is it reasonable to put obstacles in the way of a natural development towards a greater uniformity than that which at present obtains? Lord Ponsonby thinks it is.

Billericay

ERNEST H. BURT

Religion in the School

In his article on 'Religion in the School', Mr. Spencer Leeson refuses to accept the development of human personality as the chief object of education. 'The word "development" has no meaning', he says, 'except in relation to an end that is something different from itself'. In any general survey of education that argument would stand. But Mr. Leeson is dealing specifically with *school*-education, which is, above all else, a time of preparation. At such a stage, which is the honest course: to force on the growing mind our own beliefs and prejudices, or to train its capacity for thought and action so that at maturity it may make an unbiased examination for itself of the vital problems of life? Does Mr. Leeson really consider it a higher ideal to persuade upon the schoolboy a system of beliefs he is incapable of assessing rather than to educate him so that he has both the equipment and inclination to examine that system when he comes to riper years?

Tonbridge

E. C. PETTET

Thomas Telford

Mr. Kenneth Brown states, in THE LISTENER of August 29, that, amongst others, the bridge at Ballater is a permanent monument to Telford's name. There is, however, only one bridge over the Dee at Ballater and on it is the following inscription:

A bridge of stone was built about 100 yards east of this site 1783 and was swept away by flood in 1789. A second bridge of stone was built by Telford 60 feet east of this site 1809 and was swept away by flood in 1829. It was replaced by a wooden bridge 1834 which lasted till 6th Nov. 1885 when this bridge built by County Road Trustees was opened by H.M. Queen Victoria who named it 'The Royal Bridge'. Long may it stand.

There is an old bridge over the Dee about three miles downstream from Braemar, but it is hardly the one Mr. Brown mentions—even if Telford built it.

Liverpool

K. PENNYCUICK

Physical Standard in Army Recruits

Professor Mottram reproduced a hoary old fallacy, which I had hoped had been buried out of sight years ago. He states that '68 per cent. of the recruits for the Army had been rejected for physical unfitness'. From this he deduces a poor standard for English boys. Had he known anything about the subject, he must have reached a directly opposite conclusion. The standard

laid down is for a boy of eighteen years, whereas the majority of recruits are fifteen and sixteen years old. I remember a servant I had telling me that he was nearly twenty-one and had done seven years with the colours: the son of one of my friends ran away from school and enlisted—he was fourteen years of age; he was, however, accepted.

Olney

E. R. PHILLIPS

Poison Gas

I have read 'Defence of Civil Populations against Gas' with interest, especially the explanation of the difference between individual and collective methods. It is time such methods were more fully ventilated. From a psychological standpoint I

can understand the unconscious suppression of alarming and unfamiliar ideas. But a deliberate policy of 'Hush Hush' is always dangerous. As a chemist I think there is much danger in the popular and amateur 'enlightenment' which is being handed out at the present time. On the other hand, the Army Council pamphlet, *Defence Against Gas*, is much too technical for the man in the street. I agree with Major Murphy that it will take time to disseminate the right kind of information, and if scientific chemists will be required to plot out areas contaminated with mustard gas, etc., the sooner their highly specialised training—which will include high-grade individual methods of protecting themselves—is begun, the better.

South Norwood

J. F. H. GILBARD

Queer Stories

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

WHEN I came into this quiet little studio my head was so packed with queer stories that I hardly knew which I was going to tell you first. But a glance at the microphone at once stopped that sort of nonsense. Its mechanical little round face has something formidable, almost monstrous, that insists upon order. It makes me think of Voodoo and African idols. So I've quickly decided on a few stories, each of distinctive type, which I hope may interest you. And, with that idol staring at me, I'll begin with one about magic—Indian magic.

Yogi

A young Englishman was spending a week's leave on a bit of shooting. He had with him a *shikari*. And one evening at sunset they pitched camp on a low cliff of mud beside a river. Below them was a strip of foreshore with scrub and bushes. It was a lonely part of the country. While the servant prepared the evening meal behind him, the Englishman stood idly cleaning his gun and smoking, when something moving down the river caught his eye. The river was broad, with very little current, it lay golden in the sunset blaze; and the floating object puzzled him at first, till he examined it with his glasses and saw that it was a body. Lying on its back, it moved slowly with the sluggish current, and something about the face that had at first puzzled him proved, on closer examination, to be a bunch of coarse grass—stuffed into the open mouth. The *shikari*, after using the glasses in his turn, explained the grass with which the mouth was filled—a local superstition according to which evil spirits were prevented taking possession of the body. Death, he declared, had evidently been quite recent. It was the body of a strapping young native in good preservation.

There was nothing particularly thrilling in the sight, and the Englishman went on cleaning his gun, while his *shikari* went on cooking the supper just behind him—when a moment later the man uttered a curious sound. He had left his fire and was staring over the cliff on to the shore. There was a touch of awe on his face. He was pointing down to the strip of foreshore. And as the Englishman followed his gaze, he saw an old native, dressed in a loin-cloth emerging from the bushes. He was very old; he was also very emaciated.

'See! A Holy Man!' whispered the *shikari* under his breath, and dropped upon his knees. His whole attitude became one of awe and reverence. 'Watch!' he whispered. They watched together.

The aged figure, some forty feet below on the shore, moved slowly to the edge of the water, and began making curious signs and gestures over it—slow, sweeping movements of the arms and hands—and obviously towards the body. 'He is bringing it in, he needs it', whispered the *shikari* in his own tongue. 'Watch!'

Whether due to natural currents and eddies of the water or not, the body came slowly in, nearer and nearer, till at last it lay on the sand at the old man's feet. They saw him stoop then and draw it from the river, dragging it after him some dozen yards till he disappeared behind the bushes. The Englishman, watching the proceedings through his glasses, saw that it was the body of a young man in perfect preservation.

'Now wait', whispered the servant. 'We see something more'.

The Englishman waited, his eyes fixed upon the clump of bushes. He was an understanding sort of fellow. He didn't curse and swear because the dinner was burning away behind him. He respected the awe and veneration his servant showed. The man was trembling.

He waited. Ten minutes later there was a movement in the clump. The young man walked out. He walked away. The Englishman with his glasses followed him till he melted away in the sunset haze. It was the body that had floated in the river.

Half-an-hour later, they climbed down the cliff and there, behind the clump, lay the worn-out, cast off body of the old man in the loin-cloth.

Blank Cartridges

In case the last story left an unpleasant taste, here's a more cheerful one about a man who once slept in a haunted room and got a shock he didn't expect. He was a hard-boiled sort of fellow, who wasn't a scrap frightened by the supernatural. If a ghost had walked up to his bed he would merely have said 'Wrong room, I think', and turned over to sleep again. No pose. Really felt like that.

But on this particular occasion he had his suspicions. He rather thought there might be a practical joke. So he gave his companions fair warning. He told them he would take a pistol to bed, and if he saw a figure or anything he would shoot. He meant it too. 'I shall count first: one—two—three', he said, 'then shoot'. He showed them the pistol, too.

How he contrived this particular pistol is beyond me—for it fired duck shot—fine pellets that could sting all right, but not necessarily kill. He used it for rats, I believe. Anyhow, that was what his pistol was like, and what he was like.

He went to bed and in due course fell asleep, with the loaded pistol under his pillow. In the night he suddenly woke up with a feeling someone was in the room. At the same moment he saw a dim figure in the darkness at the foot of his bed. There was no time to turn the light on. Out came the pistol instead. He pointed it. He shouted: 'I count three—and then fire'.

The dim grey figure did not move. It made no sound.

He counted in a loud voice: 'One, two, three'—and fired at the legs. The figure moved an arm slightly like making a catch, and the duck shot was tossed back and fell all over his chest and shoulders in a shower.

The man aimed again, but the pistol shook a little, for the hand that held it also shook a little: 'One—two—three'—he counted again loudly—and his voice wasn't so steady either—and fired. There was the same movement of the shadowy arm. The shot was flung back over him in a shower. It fell and trickled down his chest and shoulders, against his skin inside his pyjamas.

The third time he gave no warning at all. That is, he did shout 'one, two, three', but he fired simultaneously. He aimed higher too. He aimed at the heart. But hand and pistol wobbled so violently that it's doubtful if he could have hit a haystack. And this time the figure again made the gesture of a catch, then stretched out a long shadowy arm across the bed into his very face, and dropped—not a shower of duck shot—but a single bullet, plop upon his bare neck. He felt its weight. He felt it slide off his shoulder, and heard the thump as it landed beside him on the mattress. He also heard the figure give a low chuckling laugh.

The complete blackness that followed—well, he denies vehemently that he lost consciousness even for a second. Within five minutes, at any rate, and this time with the light turned on full, he caught one of his companions in a grey dressing-gown, loose bullets in one pocket, and a quantity of duck-shot in the other, and—gave him what he thoroughly deserved.

He always declared too that he knew by the weight of the

pistol in his hand that the shot had been abstracted and the cartridges were blank.

Homicidal Dream

The next story, whatever may be thought of the last one, is certainly true. It happened a good many years ago.

A young girl had an extremely vivid and unpleasant dream, a nightmare, in which a man strangled her in bed. She woke in terror. The man's face, as he leaned over her, was terribly clear. It was a face she would recognise anywhere, and could never forget. Well, she told the dream to her parents, her brothers and sisters, her cousins and her aunts, who all combined to argue it out of her and make her forget it. But she could never forget it.

It was perhaps a year later she went with her elder brother on a week-end visit to a house they did not know. While driving from the station it suddenly came to her with dreadful conviction that this was the house of her dream. It was an utterly unreasonable conviction, nothing to support it. But it was so strong that she told her brother she could not face it. She must get out.

Her brother, though he thought it was hysteria, had the greatest difficulty in the world to make her change her mind. He was kind and patient, and in the end he persuaded her by promising that he would never once leave her. He would stick closer than a brother. If she recognised the face of her dream, either among guests or servants, he would get her out of the house, no matter what it meant. He swore it.

They found at least a dozen other guests when they arrived, and more came later. The brother kept his word faithfully. He was always within reach. He looked over her bedroom, with the small dressing-room out of it. He kept asking her if she had seen the face. No, she had not, but she was frightened still. Nothing could shake her conviction that this was the house of her dream. He didn't oppose or argue; he was clever about it; he said 'Well, you may be right, but it won't happen *this* visit. It's another visit. And we can meet that by never coming again'. He realised that she was genuinely scared, whether hysteria or not, and he met her halfway, as it were. As far as possible, he kept close to her, always within reach. He even made some plausible excuse to leave the dinner table with the ladies, so as to be on hand in case she suddenly saw the face she dreaded.

But she did not see the face. It was a cheery party, too. They danced and amused themselves. It was quite hilarious. The fact that the electric light plant broke down added to the spontaneous fun. They finished dinner by candle-light, played bridge, etc. It was after midnight when the party broke up and made for bed. Carrying a candle apiece, as in Victorian days, all went upstairs. But candle-light of course does introduce another atmosphere. She was on edge. 'Goodnights' followed, and the brother went with his sister to her room.

'Now, look here', he said, 'you haven't seen the face, have you?'

'No', she said. 'I haven't. But all the same I'm frightened'.

And she actually *was* trembling. The gaiety she had forced all the evening was gone.

'Well, now', he said, 'I'll come in and search your room. Then you can lock your door. You'll be quite safe then. My room is just opposite anyhow'.

They went in and put their candles down. It was a large room. At the far end was a dressing-room, and as the door of this dressing-room also opened into the corridor, her brother said he would first go and lock it on the outside, before he made his search.

He wasn't gone thirty seconds, when he heard a wild shriek of terror. And he was back in a moment—to see his sister leaning against the wall in a state of collapse, while at the far end by the window stood a man. He had evidently just come out of the dressing-room, for its door stood open. The man was in the livery of the house, a sort of under-footman apparently. The brother asked him what he was doing there. But the man had a perfectly legitimate explanation. He had been fastening the windows in the further room. It was his job. He spoke quietly and respectfully, and walked out. There was really nothing unusual about it all. But the girl was almost speechless with terror.

'That's the face I dreamed about', she said.

Her brother managed things quickly and quietly. He gave her his own room, and made a bed for himself on his sofa. No one had heard the shriek, luckily. Although he thought that the coincidence of the footman in the room made his sister believe

it was her dream-face, he did not say so. And nothing happened in the night, while it was a simple matter next day to wangle some excuse for leaving. The girl refused point-blank to pass another night in the house. And who can blame her?

It was a week later when the brother met his host again in the club and heard that an unpleasant thing had cropped up in the household just after the week-end party. One of the men servants, an under-footman, had suddenly developed acute homicidal mania, and was already certified. 'Thank God', said his host, 'it didn't happen when you were all there!'

The brother, now more than interested, went to the trouble of verifying that the homicidal maniac and the man who had been in his sister's room were one and the same. But he never let his sister know—nor, of course, could he ever prove that the face in the dream was the face of the homicidal footman.

Evidence in Camera

Now there's just time to squeeze in another. The face of the Idol opposite me looks hungry still. Like some insatiable Moloch or Oliver Twist, it's asking for one more mouthful. So here's a very short one that should satisfy its appetite, about a man who suffered from a most distressing delusion—he believed he was being followed and haunted by some dreadful figure with an appalling face. In everything else he was as sane as you or I. But this one horrible apparition, showing itself at intervals, and always just behind him, ruined his life, as well as threatened his mental sanity. No one else ever saw it. For that matter, he longed to believe it was subjective merely, a creation of his own imagination. Oh, he was sane enough about it all—but terrified as well. It had gone on for years. He had been through every imaginable treatment without success . . . until a couple of doctors, who were interested in his case, hit upon an ingenious plan.

They asked his permission to take a photograph of him at the moment he saw the awful thing over his shoulder. And he agreed. It involved waiting patiently for a day or two, but at last the opportunity came—one afternoon in the garden. The sufferer gave a sudden cry. He turned white as chalk. He gave a terrified look over his shoulder. The horrible apparition, he exclaimed, was there. Well, the camera, always at hand, was ready instantly. The photograph was taken. It was developed within half-an-hour. But the two doctors, in the dark-room, exchanged puzzled looks. They agreed it was impossible to let their patient see the plate. They told him it was bad. He never saw it.

English Unemployment

(Continued from page 424)

of the country the fact that for large numbers of people no job foundation exists. What I have seen of young men who have not learned to work, of middle-aged men who are completely lost and unable to function as normal citizens under the sting of joblessness, and of older men who are living on unemployment pensions long before their time leads me to say this: the homes, the churches, the clubs and playgrounds, the forum of the England of tomorrow will be poorly served unless some means is found of keeping healthy citizens in the industrial army. A large group living in idleness cannot build their part of these institutions firmly, regardless of the adequacy of the relief system by which they live.

But if relief is not enough, it is at the same time indispensable. All the experiments in fitting men back into the industrial system, from training centres to allotments, would be thoroughly discouraging and well-nigh impossible without this undergirding of maintenance provided by unemployment benefit. You have shown the way to the rest of the world in this matter of unemployment insurance. That is where you in England 'have it over' us in the States. You can go ahead with your experiments in providing every citizen with work in the confidence that you have made secure provision that during this experimentation all shall have food on their tables and a roof over their heads.

I hope that you will push ahead full speed with this experimentation; that through the restriction from and the training of juveniles for the labour market; in the shortening of the hours of labour; the distribution of the available work over a larger number; in the transferring of workers from dying to growing industries, in bringing men into closer contact with the land, and like measures, you will blaze the trail to reabsorbing the workless into the army of workers.

Writers of America—VII

The American Humorists

By ALLAN SEAGER

THE fields of English and American humour can be compared to the intersection of two circles: the area of coincidence is large because the languages are similar and because most of the laughter anywhere springs from sources as common and unchanging as the verities. But outside the area of coincidence there are thin crescents of difference where the proffered stimulus seems to the foreigner weak and the laughter is uncomprehending if it comes at all.

An attempt to explain the American side cannot be dogmatic. Certain qualities seem to persist, but the written tradition is too short for a thorough examination to be made. There were few important native humorists before the reign of Andrew Jackson, a hundred years ago; he was inaugurated the year Thackeray went down from Cambridge. The drive westward to settle the country had begun. Those who took time to write at all wrote in the midst of confusion, distracted by angry Pawnees or the thought that there really might be gold just over the next range of hills. And later the current that had not begun to run clear even of itself was muddled by the immigrants who brought their own speech and customs with them and laughed as they had been taught to laugh three thousand miles away.

Touchstones of Humour

Yet there are traits that recur often enough to be called touchstones. They are: an exuberant primitive exaggeration of metaphor, and, on the other hand, a shrewd wry understatement, one as far from the normal as the other; a love of rambling talk, often oracular in tone—the lecture platform has always been popular because it allows a man to talk uninterruptedly with an air of authority; the appeal to an audience of good plain people, small-town people perhaps, or farmers, simple, uneducated, but rich in experience, with a common background of hard work, and as a corollary to this, an intense self-criticism. One reason why Communism seems to make so little headway in America is that the American, in the best tradition of the Democratic party, usually regards himself first as an individual, seldom, though there is much to induce it, as a member of anything. As he is an independent man, so are other men, whether they are soldiers, statesmen, or magnates. They are like him and if they have faults he makes free to tell them so unabashed. This may seem to be an oversimplification, to sound too much like Rousseau, but as a philosophical, not a political, attitude it is at bottom true. And, let it be remembered, an American rarely criticises himself personally. The government, yes; the state of the country, why not? the church, the press, the stage, certainly; but, firm in his innocence and innate goodness, rarely himself.

From the first settlements until the time of Andrew Jackson, these traits were exemplified in a few broad general types of men. In the strict sense of the word, they were articulate; they talked all the time. But there were few to record the talk and they did not write themselves. The materials for their history are scant, and it has been put together from scraps and oddments. During the same period, there was humorous writing, to be sure, very interesting academically, but no one would advise you to read it in hopes of a hearty laugh. There were chroniclers, Revolutionary poets, authors of witty essays, but there is little of the true native flavour in them. They were educated men, and at that time education meant an absorption of English eighteenth-century culture. The two men of any stature, Franklin and Washington Irving, can be passed over at once because of this. They treated American subjects but, in the main, the set of their minds was English. This use of English models continued far into the nineteenth century and it has only recently been abandoned. As late as Oliver Wendell Holmes, George Augustus Sala could say, 'His humour is perhaps more English than that of any of his contemporaries'.

Phlegm, Choler, Black Bile

Of the types who, unknown to these minor writers, were preparing a native tradition, there is first the Yankee. As he is

remembered now, he was a tall lank man, dressed in a bell-crowned hat, a blue coat, and nankeen trousers with red and white stripes. You have seen pictures of him—he is the figure known to the cartoonists of *Punch* as 'Brother Jonathan' and in America as 'Uncle Sam'. In the old days, he roamed the country as a pedlar, shipped out of Nantucket on the clipper ships, and could be found in the counting houses of New York and Philadelphia. He was notorious for his shrewdness and famous for his wit. Everywhere he went he told his stories in a high slow voice, assuming a deep simplicity, and, as often as not, you found that during your laughter he had sold you a horse that was wind-broken or a parcel of wooden nutmegs. He was descended from the Puritans, but he resembled them only in his thrift. The *Biglow Papers* of Lowell catch him almost to the life, and he appears in the novels of Melville and Henry James. From its source in New England, the fame of his humour spread over the country and was mingled with other native stocks, and in the end he came to be the symbol of America.

A second of these types is the frontiersman who 'opened up' the country from the Appalachians to the Pacific. As the Yankee had used understatement to give point to his tales, so the pioneer revelled in hyperbole. In fact, hyperbole was often the only point to his rhapsody. The size of the new country—huge forests, wide rivers and the endless rolling plains—made size his criterion. Strength and power obsessed him because on the frontier the weak died. Davy Crockett, the scout, once said, 'I'm the darling branch of old Kentuck' that can eat up a painter [panther], hold a buffalo out to drink and put a rifle ball through the moon'. There is no mood comparable to this in English literature after Beowulf's recital of the swimming match with Breca. Abraham Lincoln as a young man could jump into a barrel and out again and hold a keg of whiskey up to drink from it. Their contests and amusements were wild, rustic, and uncouth, and their talk swelled into primitive fantasy, strong as if they took strength like Antæus from the new earth. Their tales crept into almanacs and jest-books and in them the backwoodsman was sometimes oddly mingled with the Yankee.

The Yankee had an excess of phlegm; the backwoodsman of choler. A third humour was the melancholy of the negro. He himself could not write, but white men reported his songs and dances. In the 1840's, Jim Crow Rice, Dan Emmett and some other white men formed the first company of negro minstrels. Massed singing became the core of the performance, with jokes, and dancing to the music of banjo, tambo and bones to support the singing. It was not so great a travesty on negro life as has been supposed. It absorbed much of the true negro humour, which, despite the cheerfulness of individuals, is too often a veil for a deep melancholy and nostalgia. The song 'Old Black Joe' best approximates the tone. In the nineteenth century, the negro was a stranger in the land and oppressed into the bargain. There were many allegorical songs and stories in which the slave relieved his feelings against his master by portraying him as a bull-dog or a bull-frog, while he himself was the harmless crow or sheep. Joel Chandler Harris, in the 1880's, copied many of these verbatim and revised and polished others.

Giants from the Earth

There is a whole mythology of giants as well, the heroes of the trades and simple industries that were begun as soon as the frontier had moved on to the westward. These remained an oral tradition until about twenty years ago. I myself have heard an old lumberjack tell of Paul Bunyan, whose myth still grows in the mountains and timber-lands of the West Coast. He drove the Indians out of the North-West single-handed; dug the Columbia river for a sluice to float his logs in to the sea; and in the Year of the Blue Snow, there came to help him his big blue ox Babe, who was 'nine feet between the eyes and twenty-four feet long from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail'. Mike Fink, a mighty drinker and fighter, was king of the riverboatmen on the Mississippi. John Henry,

the gigantic negro stevedore, who could 'tote a whole bale of cotton all by himself', was impersonated on 'the radio only last year. In the oil-fields of Texas and Oklahoma you can still hear the tales of Kemp Morgan, who once sank a well so deep that the oil gushed out the other way and sprayed all the people there so the Chinese are yellow to this day. Cow-punchers singing their mournful tunes to quiet their herds at night often celebrated the feats of Indian scouts like Buffalo Bill Cody. (The reason for the sad tone and long-drawn-out rhythm of songs like 'Git Along, Little Dogey' and 'Home on the Range' is that a herd of cows get jumpy if they are not soothed, and this kind of song soothes them best.) There may be others of these demi-gods whom the labour of scholars will bring to light. To an understanding of American humour a knowledge of these early myths and fables is more important than a study of the writers themselves, since all the writers drew on them so heavily, often setting them down without change.

The Funny Fourth Estate

Journalism has always been the easiest road to fame as a humorist in America, and the first important native humorists were newspapermen: 'Josh Billings' (Henry Wheeler Shaw), 'Petroleum V. Nasby' (David Ross Locke), and 'Artemus Ward' (Charles Farrar Browne). They flourished about the time of the Civil War. Billings was more the comic essayist than the lecturer, though all three lectured. His strength lay in the aphorism, and in his *Farmer's Allminax* he assailed falsehood, humbug and quackery. Nasby was a backwoods preacher, working man, postmaster and chronic office-seeker all in one. To him the luxuries of life were a place under the government, a clean shirt, a glass of whiskey and a dollar bill. He was very popular and his letters to the newspapers were eagerly read by the Federal soldiers.

Of the three, Artemus Ward is probably the best known in England. The *Illustrated London News*, among others, gave him flattering reviews when he 'spoke his pieces' in London. He was the perfect humorous lecturer. A New Englander, his humour was like the Yankee's—dry, sarcastic, shrewd. I have heard old men say that he 'never cracked a smile', and like Billings and Nasby, he aimed at social and political reform. Lincoln read his 'High-Handed Outrage at Utica' as a comic relief to the members of his Cabinet when he was about to submit to them the final draft of the Emancipation Proclamation.

These three men and the school that preceded them and followed them were curiously alike in manner and objective. They misspelled nearly all their words, partly to indicate pronunciation and partly to show their audience that they were simple uneducated folk of whom no one need be afraid. They employed homely metaphor for the same reason that they misspelled. To read them now in the hope of laughter is to be often disappointed because they were topical and the social and political foibles that were their butts are now forgotten; but when they treat of something else, they are always pretty funny. Their knowledge of the country was wide because they wandered over so much of it, and among them they exemplified all the rich naivety of the native stock.

Mark Twain and Bret Harte

Mark Twain kept the pattern but brightened it with genius. He too was a wanderer, a newspaperman, a lecturer and finally a novelist. As he was born in Missouri, a State that is midway between the North and the South, he knew the characteristics of both. He worked as a pilot on the Mississippi and observed the riverboatmen and travellers. He saw Virginia City when there was gold there, and after he began to make money, he got as far as the Holy Land. Other men had recorded facets, sides and angles; Mark Twain knew the whole country and its traditions, and his writing embodied all the indigenous traits that had before him appeared only piecemeal. Of the Western jack rabbit, whose speed is very great, he said, 'Long after he is out of sight, you can hear him whiz'. He saw a street fight in a Western mining town. 'The stranger began to rebuke him with a six-shooter and the gentleman replied with another'. None of his books are closely knit. They are always rambling off into garrulous anecdotes that have the air of improvisations, yet out of these loose tales and sketches—consider *Huckleberry Finn*: it is like a crazy-quilt—the rhythm and the gusto of the

period emerges, the hurly-burly of the new West, the confidence of the more settled East, and the drowsy melancholy of the South.

Bret Harte was the chronicler of the more violent aspects of California life when the region was shaking down after the gold rush of 1849. He used the traditional forms: the episode, the yarn, the anecdote. (He called his famous short story, 'The Luck of Roaring Camp', a sketch.) His humour was the anti-thesis to the Rabelaisian exuberance of Mark Twain. Satire appeared in biting understatement. Of John Oakhurst, the gambler in 'The Outcasts of Poker Flat', he says, 'With him life was at best an uncertain game, and he recognised the usual percentage in favour of the dealer'. He shaped his characters with an eye to their intrinsic human qualities. There was not less action but more analysis and occasionally the elements of the humour of defeat appeared. He was sentimental at times, but there were always sharp little flickers of satire such as '... the demonstrative gallantry for which the Californian has been so justly celebrated by his brother Californians'.

Humour of the City

Next after Bret Harte and Mark Twain in importance comes Mr. Dooley and a change. Mr. Dooley was created by Finley Peter Dunne. He kept a saloon in Chicago and from behind the bar criticised the government—especially the conduct of the Spanish-American War—in a rich Irish brogue. Mr. Dooley shows that the monologue was still a characteristic of American humour, and that the old powers of social and political criticism had not weakened, but there is a change. The brogue and the Celtic wit were a special tone; the Irish immigrants were felt to be Americans by that time. The oracle no longer wandered at large. He had settled down and—here is the point—he had settled in a city.

After Mr. Dooley, the scene and tone is nearly always urban. A growing influx of Jewish comedians is perceptible. Examples of this new current are Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmuter, the emotional business men conceived by Montague Glass. Milt Gross's Mrs. Feitlbaum outstrips the language of any of the earlier dialect tracts. This is about the Pied Piper: 'Wance upon a time was a willage from de name from Hemilton. So it was running along avveryting smooth witt Ho K—accept it was one acception: Was dere a hobnoxious past from rets. H'm! sotch a pasts was de rets'.

Since Twain there has been one great humorist—Ring Lardner. He died only a year or two ago. He wrote short stories and sketches for the popular magazines and, true to form, he was a newspaperman nearly all his life. He had the traditional feeling for a common audience; the finest ear for the vernacular in this century; and his own peculiar acidity. His people are baseball-players, drummers, nurses, prize-fighters, small business men, often wanderers who sit talking in a void, a nowhere but a nowhere in America. The sharp local eccentricities have been worn away, and he has caught the thing about Americans that most strangers miss: that intimacy is no nearer for this stream of self-revelation. More than any other writer, even more than Lewis or Dreiser, he portrays the American as he is today.

The writers and cartoonists of the *New Yorker* magazine have struck a new note in American humour, that of sophisticated simplicity. They have chosen their audience, and mere literacy is no longer enough; some education is presupposed. It is a magazine for those 'in the know'.

There is now a radio in every home; all newspapers run syndicated strips of comic cartoons; and there are hundreds of cheap popular magazines. In offices and saloons and cheap hotel bedrooms, scores of harassed men try to supply the market with humour—with 'gags'. These are all city devices. It is a city wit they dispense, slick, machine made. The influence of these media is very strong but it is not strong enough to overwhelm the native attitudes and habits which I have tried to explain. Here is the beginning of a new story by Damon Runyon, a New Yorker and a newspaperman, whose work shows all the traits of the metropolis. These lines sum up neatly what the cities have done to the native manner. It is not much, as you see: 'I am now going to tell you the story of the large football game between the Harvards and the Yales and about a very obnoxious character named Joey Perhaps. The only conscientious thing I can say about Joey is, you can have him'. Here is still the authentic touch.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Torrington Diaries. Vol. I

Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.

A GENERATION BEFORE COBBETT, the Honourable John Byng, nephew of the Admiral who was executed in 1744, formed the habit of riding over the face of the country (especially the South and West) and recording in a diary what he saw and did. In the 1780's this was still so unusual a practice that Byng was taken in turn for a wool-dealer, an outlander and 'an inhabitant of Shadwell'—anything, indeed, but the aristocrat he was—by the natives of the places he visited. Yet not only did he travel thus for pure pleasure, but, unlike Cobbett, he took no interest in politics, and kept his diary wholly reserved for the scenery, sights, industries, estates, and towns which he came across. And so this diary—unknown until its recent dispersal through sale—enables us to see the countryside as a normal traveller in the eighteenth century must have seen it, unspoiled, peaceful, and exceedingly varied. The tours in this first volume extend mainly to the West Country and Wales, with a concluding journey into Sussex in 1788. Byng proceeds at leisure with horse and dog from place to place, recording the quality and charges of the inns, the state of the roads and the weather, visiting castles, abbeys, industrial works, and natural beauty spots, inspecting the principal seats of the gentry, and visiting his friends. Sometimes he goes to the theatre, and keeps the playbill for insertion in his diary alongside the charming watercolour sketches with which he illustrates it. He is fond of 'curiosities' of all kinds—quaint epitaphs, snatches of poetry, and local customs, for instance. He distrusts and dislikes innovation, especially the nascent industrialism of the age; he rather idealises the past, and already quotes from *The Deserted Village* to show how the countryside is being ruined. But what a countryside! Byng's outstanding merit as a diarist is his power of description, by which he makes us sense the quiet beauty of the eighteenth-century village, and shows us how soft a line then divided town from country. With a phrase or two that linger in the memory he records the special features of place after place: Monmouth looking as large as Gloucester from the distant descent to it; Chepstow neat with whitened houses; Cheltenham 'the dullest of public places'; Weymouth 'the resort of the giddy and gay'. Dorchester like 'a foreign town', with boulevards; Sonning 'always in company'; gloomy Wantage and cheerful Farringdon; Swansea 'a nasty town'; and Broadway 'so stoney that it looks like a principal Welsh town'. Byng admits that his verdict on a place is often determined by the quality of the weather or accommodation that he meets with there. But this, he rightly reminds us, is of the essence of a diary. 'All diaries are greedily sought for, let them be ever so ill, and foolish written, as coming warm from the heart'; but, he adds, 'most modern tours are written (in my mind) too much in the style of pompous history; not dwelling sufficiently upon the prices of provisions, recommendation of inns, statement of roads, etc., so that the following travellers reap little benefit from them'. No such deficiency can be urged against Byng in these respects; it is one of the delights of his diary that we can compare inns and roads ancient and modern, as we go along with him. Touring then was not all fun. 'The imposition in travelling is abominable', he breaks out at the close of his first Western tour; 'the innkeepers are insolent, the hostlers are sulky, the chambermaids are pert, and the waiters are impertinent; the meat is tough, the wine is foul, the beer is hard, the sheets are wet, the linnen is dirty, and the knives are never clean'd!! Every home is better than this!' But next summer—and many other summers after that—we find Byng out on the road once more, in quest of the beauty of his native land, serene and amiable as ever—as near a perfect tourist and diarist combined as one may hope to find.

The Ideals of East and West. By Kenneth Saunders Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

Herodotus has placed it on record that, while smoke travels upwards in all parts of the world, men's habits, customs, tastes and morals are different in all. The laws of chemistry and physics, in other words, hold universally, but codes of ethics vary with climate, environment and need. Others have held the reverse. The Good, they have asserted, is the same for all and men cannot but pursue it when they see it; only they see and

interpret it in different ways: 'In different parts of the world men have different customs . . . but alike to all men in all places a lie is hateful', declares the stranger in W. H. Hudson's strange Utopia *The Crystal Age*. Which of these views is the right one? The answer is difficult, nor does Dr. Saunders' book provide it; what it does do is to provide us with the materials to frame our own. The book is an anthology in prose and verse of extracts from the ethical literature and philosophy of races which have chiefly thought and written on the subject of the good for man—the Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindus and the Jews; there is also a section on Christian ethics. Dr. Saunders has contributed a separate introduction to each section outlining the historical backgrounds of the sages and philosophers from whom extracts appear and indicating the peculiar needs of the people to whom their exhortations were addressed. There are also a prologue and an epilogue (presumably—though this is not quite clear—by the author himself) consisting of conversations between the sages of different countries on the subject of man's duty in this world and his relation to the next.

At first glance the reader is bewildered by the variety of ethical precepts. Every conceivable view of man's destiny and conduct is to be found: humanism, mysticism, cynicism, utilitarianism and simple faith are voiced and praised in turn. Presently he notices certain well-defined types that seem to recur in all ages. There is the strictly orthodox believer; there is the ever-recurrent noble savage, featuring the appropriate virtues of courage, hospitality, loyalty and unquestioning patriotism. Certain types of virtue are next observed to go together and begin to appear as the characteristic virtues of particular peoples. Asia prefers as a whole the contemplative attitude to life and produces the seer and the mystic. Europe prefers action, lays stress on what men do and produces the saint who suffers and the hero who fights. Specifically national differences of ideal are also discernible. The ideal type for China is, according to Dr. Saunders 'the teacher-sage'; for India 'the other-worldly saint'; for Japan 'the practical reformer'. While the Jews and the Indians are chiefly concerned with the problem of discerning and interpreting the divine will in order that, performing it, they may please God, the Greeks and the Chinese seek to attain wisdom that they may live rightly. The teacher, in short, owns a double relationship to the people he teaches; he both reflects their ideals and idiosyncrasies and refuses them. In Dr. Saunders' happy metaphor, 'not only do the fertilising rivers pour down from the great mountain peaks; these mountains themselves draw their snows from the mists of the plains. So great classical teachers have returned to the people their own popular ideals sublimated and clarified'. The one ideal which almost all the great teachers seem to have stressed—the highest common factor as it were of ethical teaching—is the ideal of love, with its corollary of non-resistance: *Mot-se* in China, Buddha in India and Christ Himself all taught the way of love and peace. It is an interesting reflection that there is no ethical principle which in practice has been so universally ignored.

Three Essays on Sex and Marriage

By Edward Westermarck. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

Anyone who is not acquainted with more recent theories in regard to the origin of exogamy, and who has an inclination to study the subject of incest, will profit by reading the first two of these essays. The third is not so valuable; but a perusal of it deepens an impression gained from the second essay, namely, that when quoting from or citing one another's published works social anthropologists are sometimes irresponsible. Much that Dr. Westermarck writes is a protest against careless, unscholarly practices.

Dr. Westermarck argues forcibly in defence of his opinion about exogamy, namely, that persons who live closely together from childhood experience little desire of, and even have a feeling of aversion towards, one another. A discussion of how this feeling may have produced exogamic regulations leads directly to the question how law originated: did it originally forbid men to do what their instincts inclined them to do, or did it formulate and emphasise the simple fundamental impulses? Dr. Westermarck is of the latter opinion, and states his views in the first essay, which is concerned with the psycho-analytic hypothesis of the Oedipus complex. Here the argument against the psychologists is sustained with great skill. Dr.

Westermarck believes that the laws against incest were designed to avoid the injurious effects of in-breeding. He does not say how this fits in with his theory about the origin of exogamy.

In regard to the common occurrence among contemporary white men of father-daughter incest, adduced by the psychologists in support of their theories, Dr. Westermarck's argument seems weak. Some of this incest, it seems, may well be due to the fact that both parties are sexually starved. So far as we know father-daughter incest is not common among people that permit complete pre-nuptial sexual freedom. To such people, indeed, the psychologists have as yet paid too little attention. Their conclusions have been based almost exclusively on a study of persons who spent their early childhood in a cultural environment peculiar to the white man. The third essay, in which Dr. Westermarck defends himself against the 'false indictments' of Dr. Briffault, is vitiated by the false assumption that in any human society, if a man has intercourse with a woman, she must therefore be his wife. In these pages, too, the word 'chastity' is used very loosely; the evidence, such as it is, is selected rather than stated. The last fault is probably inherent in the comparative method, which both Dr. Westermarck and Dr. Briffault adopt; and it seems a pity that a book that contains so many good things should be so marred. The time has surely gone when any man's opinion about the sexual conduct (as distinct from the sexual regulations) of natives can be accepted as a statement of irrefragable fact. It is noticeable that Dr. Westermarck appears to have discarded the definition of 'marriage' that he used in his *History of Human Marriage*, to which this volume is supplementary.

Six Men of Dorset. By Miles Malleeson and H. Brooks Gollancz. 2s. 6d.

This is the Tolpuddle play written for production at the Trades Union Congress celebrations at Dorchester. It is a neat, and, on the whole, effective selection from the records; and where apocryphal material has been incorporated it is credible as well as dramatically appropriate. The opening scene, in particular, which portrays the Loveless children clamouring for their meagre supper, is a device which manages to set the right key for the poignant story which follows. Most of the episodes of the first two acts are well chosen and assembled: the meeting of the farmers and the labourers under the vacillating chairmanship of the parson; the initiation ceremony of the trade union; the third-degree scene after the arrest of Loveless. But this last scene is immediately followed by the full-dress trial at Dorchester; and the trial scene, therefore, despite its merits, suffers from having much of its thunder stolen by the preceding scene. This repetition of cross-examination and defence gives the play a bulge in the middle; moreover, as the trial scene ends with a couple of very long speeches, the play is weakest where it should be gathering to a climax. There is at the same point a breakdown of continuity which further weakens the ending of the play. The Australian episodes are completely left out; and the play concludes with the old-fashioned resource of an epilogue—Twenty Years After—which reveals Loveless on his farm in Canada recalling the agonies and the triumph of his martyrdom. It is in these matters of construction that the play is least successful. In characterisation it is very good. Betty Loveless is an excellent creation; and the minor characters, always the test of skilful craftsmanship, are given just those touches of identification which make them vivid and separate, even when they have little to say and nothing to do. Much of the play is written in a dialect to which several shires seem to contribute; and although the dialect is on the whole a discreetly anonymous one, it may prove too ambitious for the standard English speech of most amateur actors.

Brynmawr—A Study of a Distressed Area

By Hilda Jennings. Allenson. 10s. 6d.

This account of a community of some 8,000 people deeply affected by unemployment and the social evils which follow in its train, is based upon a social survey undertaken between 1929 and 1932 by the citizens of Brynmawr through their Community Study Council. Brynmawr has been the scene of more serious and successful efforts at restoring community self-respect than most places in any distressed area. Under the leadership of a Quaker group a remarkable scheme of voluntary work of service to the community was undertaken, and a swimming baths was constructed and a network of small-scale industries started in the neighbourhood. Besides giving an

account of this important constructive work, Miss Jennings traces the history of Brynmawr from the days when farming first began to give place to industrialism in the form of coal mining and iron and steel smelting. She analyses the complexity of different national strains which contributed through immigration from England, Scotland and Ireland to modify the original Welsh native stock and form a new community, which, nevertheless, by the end of the nineteenth century had itself become self-contained and to some extent inbred. Brynmawr was the scene of fierce political and industrial strife during the early days of industrialisation, and became remarkable, even in the days of its prosperity, for a strong class-conscious outlook which, as Miss Jennings points out, tended 'to make the welfare of the community as such appear less important than the welfare of a section of it'. There was much to be done, even before prosperity began to wane, to reform the bad housing and health conditions of the Brynmawr area. But from 1921, the tide of unemployment began to set in upon Brynmawr, until at the end of 1929, out of 1,409 miners, 834, and out of 832 persons in other insurable occupations, 236 were unemployed. After outlining the extent of the calamity, Miss Jennings asks how it has reacted upon the life of the community, and in general, has a sad story to tell. The breakdown of local public finance, the impairment of old-established religious and cultural influences, all tended to harden the force of the blow. 'Dependence upon one industry, the sharp division between the owners of natural resources and the wage earners, the permeation of the community by suspicions, jealousies and bitterness . . . the loss of craftsmanship, the racial divisions and the lack of a common culture and idealism, the deterioration of physique and morale due to prolonged unemployment, are not favourable to the reconstruction of the community'. Still, this reconstruction must be undertaken, if not now at some future time—and the longer the delay, the harder the task. Miss Jennings shows that Brynmawr's economic life can never be rebuilt wholly on a basis of the exploitation of mineral resources. Any plan for its future must be many-sided. A number of small experiments in reconstruction made simultaneously might help the township in many ways, indirect as well as direct. But Brynmawr alone cannot help itself. Its future prosperity depends upon the success of re-developing industrial and social life in the South Wales area as a whole. There creation of agriculture and the introduction of new industrial crafts offer the best hope for sound reconstruction; but as such a process would take several years, any plan for the immediate future must include some transfer of unemployed men to other areas. Such, in brief outline, is the main contention of this book which, if it does nothing else, must bring home to its readers the grim truth of a situation with which no one can remain satisfied, however steadily trade may improve and prosperity creep back in more favoured parts of the country.

History and the Self. By Hilda Oakeley Williams and Norgate. 10s. 6d.

In this new book Professor Oakeley applies, as it were, in the action that is history, the conception of personality presented in her earlier *Study in the Philosophy of Personality*. History is conceived as a 'wild province of knowledge untameable by any of our categories unless reducible to the deterministic sequence in which it ceases to be history'; this deterministic position is unacceptable to the human mind, which recognises its individual conscious experience as the essential part of the historic process. Essential—yet, in comparison with the impersonal factors in history, depressingly ineffective. For the historic process is entangled not only with the amoral, but to some degree calculable factors, such as the geological and climatological, and with the vast systems of sub-human animate beings; but also with the soul-daunting enormity of chance; and, even worse, with man's own creations—his inventions such as the steam engine and the cinema, his institutions such as an army or a political system—that take on the quality of blindly operating forces which often overwhelm the free spirits among men. Yet in this unequal duality of the historic process, it is personal experience that is the essential, for personality alone has value and the function of history is the discovery of a special type of order in terms of value. Biography and, better, autobiography give the historian almost his only approach to his task. Thus the autobiographies of free personalities—such as Ross, the discoverer of the mode of malarial infection; Schweitzer, the musician-medical-missionary; and Grenfell of Labrador—are hopeful sources of history: while the biographies of ambition-enslaved personalities such as Napoleon or the notorious financier Ivan Kreuger at

Those Long Winter Evenings

By Edward Anton

How to occupy the long winter evenings is still something of a problem to very many people who are not content to "kill time" by a succession of dinners, dances, and theatre-going.

Pleasures in reasonable proportion we must have, for the recreation of body and mind: but an uninterrupted round of evenings spent in such fashion is apt to become monotonous and boring.

The great thing is to have an attractive hobby or interest with which to occupy one's leisure hours—hours which, for most of us, are fairly numerous. Provided with congenial employment for spare-time one can look forward to the long, dark evenings with pleasurable-anticipation instead of—as is so often the case—something approaching aversion.

The occupation must, of course, be suited to the tastes and capacities of the individual and it would be unwise to attempt to particularize. But at least I may allow myself to allude to the number of readers of *THE LISTENER* who have found, in "free-lance" journalism and authorship, the ideal spare-time hobby—a hobby which is more than a pleasant occupation, producing very acceptable additions to one's regular income.

I know of many who regularly add from £200 to £300 to their incomes by this means. There are, of course, others, who make much more, but I might be accused of exaggeration if I were to mention some of the amounts which students of the London School of Journalism have earned by employing their pens and brains for a few odd leisure hours each week. I prefer to mention amounts which are frequently gained and which are possible to most men and women of literary tastes and a knowledge of how to write for publication.

"How to Write": that is where so many would-be writers fail. They are competent to write good English, they have good ideas, subjects, and plots to write about, but they have never learned how an article or story should be written in order to secure publication. They venture unaided and the rejection of their MSS., sooner or later, disheartens them and they abandon what might have been a very profitable occupation had they taken the assistance and guidance of an able and experienced instructor.

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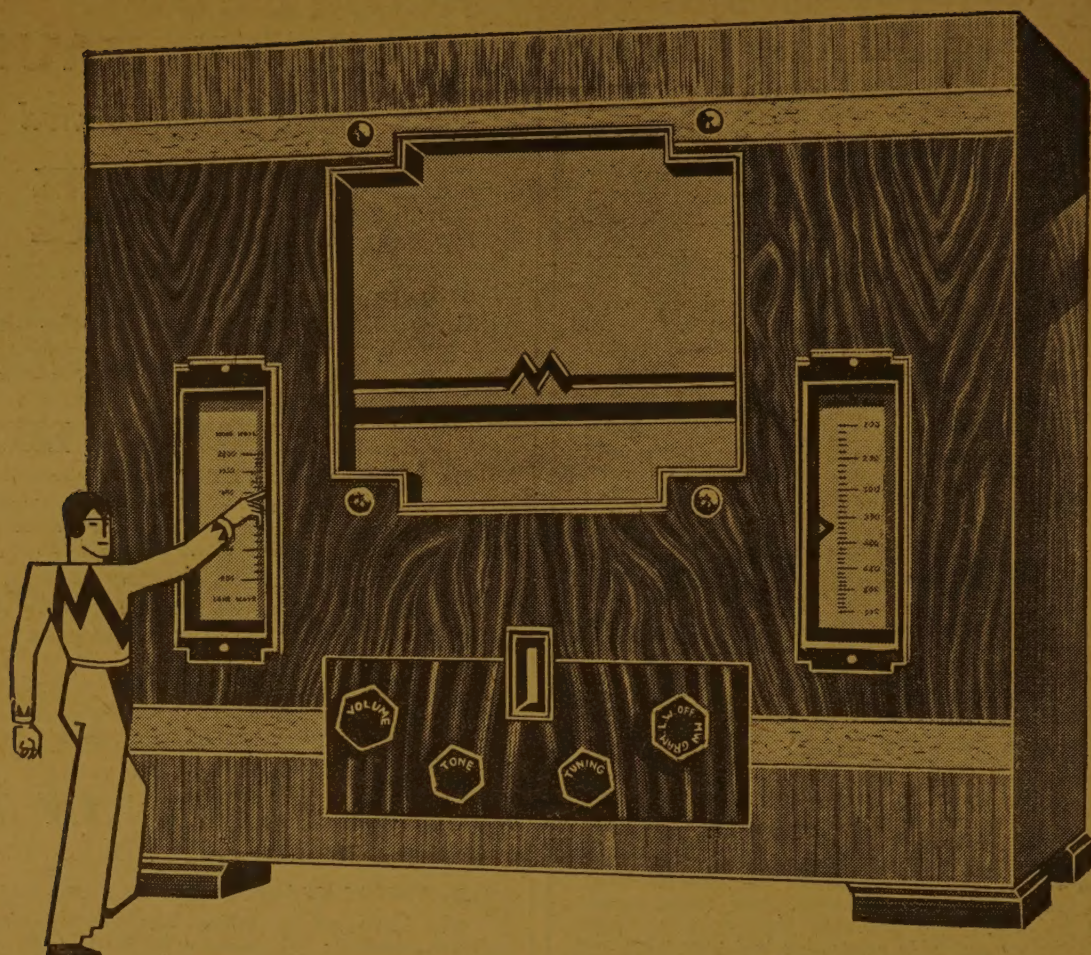
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least make history intelligible. And in the recorded historic facts of the life of Christ, Professor Oakeley finds a sufficient degree of conviction to affirm that history vouchsafes at least one perfect personality.

Such, then, appears to be the theme of this book: but it is hard to follow the author, for she seems somewhat uncertain of her mode of treatment. Thus, while the bulk of the book consists of the philosophical considerations justifying the several phases of her theme—and these are presented in great variety and with wealth of reference to both ancient and modern philosophy—yet the author specifically disclaims for her treatise the title of a philosophy of history. She hints—and indeed the words from 'Paradise Lost' quoted on the title-page, 'Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n', are perhaps the keynote to her mood—that her role is rather that of prophet than of philosopher. And this dual role is reflected in the presentation and literary style of the book. Where the author writes as philosopher—though at times, especially in the early chapters, the dialectic gives real pleasure—the complexity of ideas and the fine distinctions drawn do not wholly fit the prophet, and sometimes make the full intention not as clear as could be desired; on the other hand, when her profound human sympathy and insight into actual conditions of life move her to the role of prophet—as, for example, when she feels so deeply the intolerable burden of the senseless in history—there occur passages that both move and inspire. Perhaps Professor Oakeley will be content that her readers shall think of her *History and the Self* as a philosophical and religious study of personality in history, plainly enlightening us as to those un-free selves that, enslaved by prejudice and ambition, will, unless the ugliness of their personalities is recognised betimes, lead our civilisation and culture once more to disaster.

Carlyle in Old Age. By David Alec Wilson and David Wilson MacArthur. Kegan Paul. 15s.

With this, its sixth volume, covering the years 1865—1881, the immense labour of love which dominated the life of Mr. Alec Wilson from his student days on, is completed—this concluding volume, though not from his hand, being entirely based on his material, admirably set out by his nephew. The six volumes constitute, perhaps, rather the material for any future biographer than a biography in the ordinary sense; yet each of them is rich in enjoyable reading, and this last ranks among the best of the six. The heart of this volume is, of course, the year 1866, with the Edinburgh Rectorial address and the death of Mrs. Carlyle. The account of the address itself, and of all the people and circumstances surrounding it, is quite admirable, and wholly

enthraling. For an hour-and-a-half, speaking extempore, and speaking above all to the students rather than to the eminent platform, Carlyle held his audience spellbound. The simple words written at the time by John Campbell Smith could hardly be bettered:

He had been to me only a voice, sometimes sad, sometimes wrathful, sometimes scornful; but when I saw him for the first time with the eye of flesh stand up among us the other day, and heard him speak, kindly, brotherly, affectionate words—his first appearance of that kind, I suppose, since he discoursed of Heroes and of Hero-Worship to the London people—I am not ashamed to confess that I felt moved towards him, as I do not think, in any possible combination of circumstances, I could have felt moved towards any other living man.

When he finished, there was, in the words of Moncure Conway, also present, with Tyndall, Huxley and Dr. Rae, the Arctic explorer, 'an audible motion, as of breath long held, by all present'; then thunders of sustained applause amid which Tyndall, his heart overflowing, rushed out to telegraph to Mrs. Carlyle: 'A perfect triumph'. To her, immediately on reaching the house where he was staying, and whither, having elected to walk, he was conveyed by a vast crowd of enthusiastic students, Carlyle himself at once sat down to write. Little did he guess that he was not to see her again. It is a homecoming of which, even at this date, one cannot bear to think.

His profound grief, and how he bore himself through it in the fifteen years of personal solitude that were to follow, naturally occupies the major part of the volume. If, at this day, proof were needed of the fact that the self-reproaches of the *Reminiscences* are a record, not of any failure in loving kindness while she was with him, but of the snapping of the chord of happiness in his heart, it is here, for those who can understand the nature of a deep-rooted mutual affection such as theirs. To 'take sides' in any form, or in any degree, as between Jane and Thomas is to be unimaginatively false to the true bond between them; his joy was gone, not his courage or the sap and savour of his conversation and his keen concern in public issues. Mr. Wilson MacArthur deals faithfully, but kindly, with the ineffable Geraldine Jewsbury, as with Froude; he prints a letter from the Carlyles' servant, Jessie Hiddlestone, which is a document of first-rate interest, and highly revealing on the detail of their lives. The book is crammed with good stories, among them that of Carlyle, to whom noise was torment, giving a Christmas box to the old Chelsea watercress woman, whose voice at times contributed far from musically to it; the picture that stays most vivid in the mind, however, is that of Tyndall's visit, near the very end, and on his asking for 'some last word of advice to remember', being answered, simply, 'Give yourself royally'.

Behind the Scenes in German Politics

The Berlin Diaries: The Private Journals of a General in the German War Ministry
Edited by Dr. Helmut Klotz. Jarrolds. 18s.

THE FIRST PUBLICATION of this book in Prague in 1933 was followed, very naturally, by official investigations in Berlin, as a consequence of which innocent men doubtless suffered, as must always happen in such cases, for the treason of a few. That these diaries are treasonable few will deny. This is not to say that their publication may not be justified; treason is the violation by a subject of his allegiance to his sovereign or to the State. Men who on conscientious grounds oppose their leaders or the national will, in whatever form expressed, are not necessarily doing evil; but they must in these days, as of old, expect, in times of national emergency, a felon's grave, and there is little doubt that this doom has fallen upon some of Dr. Klotz' collaborators and not improbably upon the writer himself, whose identity can scarcely be unknown in Berlin. The diaries are clearly authentic, and not unimportant for, though the manner in which they have been edited detracts from their value as evidence, they reveal clearly the impotence of the Brüning regime, the complete disorganisation of the political system of Germany, and the readiness of the German people at large, in 1930, to follow any leader whose aim was national unity at whatever price. 'The Social Democrats and Trade Unions', writes the author, 'bloodless and impotent descendants of Herr Bebel, scared by the moderate success of Hitler at the election of September, 1930, committed suicide with an obstinacy worthy of a better cause. They were sickeningly tolerant, and slowly but surely dissipated what remained of their authority, until their "policy" made inevitable the advent of Hitler.' The author has no heroes. Hindenburg

and Hitler, von Schleicher and Schacht, all alike are the victims of his spleen, and he dips his pen into gall when he describes them and their associates. Von Schleicher appears in the most unfavourable light: not only did he give to the writer access to various confidential documents in February, 1933, and influence specific parts of the diaries, but he consented to their publication in a form which records him as boasting that he had 'for years pulled the strings of German politics from behind the scenes'. In view of the revelations of his outlook and activities in this book, the surprising thing is not that he perished on June 30, but that he was not arrested after the first publication in Prague. 'But for the madness of Versailles', writes the diarist, 'the madness of Hitler would have been impossible. The French are being forced to reap what they have sown'. These pages nowhere suggest an alternative form of government, nor reveal the existence of other or better national leaders. For Hindenburg and his associates there is nothing here but contempt and dislike. Hitler appears in person in June 1932, 'devastating as always. Machine guns are the only language he understands'. To speak thus requires good nerves and courage, which no one in high office has. Small wonder that Hitler, who could co-operate with and appeal to the German worker, won sympathy, and that the diarist 'simply cannot understand the world any longer'. 'The faithful rank and file are joyously prepared for any intervention. . . . Something has got to happen. . . . Power which has been vilified so much has become primary again'. That is true today of many countries besides Germany.

ARNOLD WILSON

New Novels

At Sea. By Arthur Calder-Marshall. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Seed of Adam. By Violet Campbell. Murray. 7s. 6d.

The Goose-Man. By Jacob Wassermann. Allen and Unwin. 10s.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

ALL these three novels happen to possess, by an inexplicable publishing coincidence, a quality which is always rare in prose fiction and seems to be becoming rarer. They have what is generally called creative imagination, as distinguished from a highly developed power of observation: they give us the feeling that character is being invented on a large scale, and not merely being derived from living models with whom the author is personally acquainted. That is a feeling which all great novels produce; but the production of it is no reliable sign of greatness, for Marie Corelli invented her characters just as Dostoevsky did. Indeed, Marie Corelli is a name which springs naturally to one's mind in reading two of these books; for in certain ways Mrs. Campbell uncannily resembles her, and there is a little touch of her in this early and immature and extremely popular novel of Jacob Wassermann's. That is, however, the only resemblance between the two modern writers; for Mrs. Campbell is clearly an inspired best-seller, and Wassermann is at times a great writer, and, even when he is not, behaves so convincingly like one that it is hard to tell the difference. Mr. Calder-Marshall has a surer control over his imagination than either, and when it goes wrong it is not with Mrs. Campbell's carefree abandonment, nor with Wassermann's vague religiosity, but because the author compels it to obey his intelligence, which, though admirable within limits, sometimes circumscribes it in the most disconcerting way. Mr. Calder-Marshall has the makings of a first-rate novelist, and he is probably the most gifted writer of the younger generation in his own sphere. But his intelligence is the intelligence of that generation; he thinks in the same terms as other people of his own age; and when he forces his imagination, which is unusually free and objective, to ratify his thought, he hampers and falsifies it. He has, nevertheless, the equipment of a born novelist, and this, his second novel, is an immense advance on his first, *After Levy*, which appeared about a year ago.

The action of *At Sea* covers less than twenty-four hours, but unlike the action in most novels of this class—for the twenty-four hour novel has become a class in the last few years—it is a dramatic whole. Two young people who have just married go to a little seaside resort and hire a rowing boat for the day. John, spurred by Elsa's silent opposition, rows very far out and then loses one of the oars, which cannot be found again. The boat drifts helplessly in the current, a storm comes on with nightfall, and in the morning the wretched couple are rescued, half-dead with cold, hunger and internal conflict of feeling. Meanwhile the life of the seaside village goes on; the fishermen meet in the inn and discuss the strangers' possible plight, half-sympathetically, half-callously; the landlady they are staying with becomes first indignant and then concerned at their absence; a visitor sets out in a motor-boat to find them, but in the darkness his lights fail and he has to turn back. All this part of the book, the story of the physical stress on the boat and of the easy life on shore, is told with brilliant force and concentration. But the story of the boat becomes a sort of synopsis of the inner story of the two people in it. Thrown together by necessity, they come to know each other's weaknesses at an unprecedented speed. And it is here that Mr. Calder-Marshall's intelligence takes command of his imagination. There are certainly strokes of deep intuition in the interior monologues which he assigns to Elsa and John, and the scrutiny which he applies to their relations with each other is absolutely honest. Nevertheless these imaginary responses do not give the feeling of being natural and inevitable; and though the pressure of character on character is well conveyed, with no attempt to smooth it away, we know the conflict is moving steadily towards an end that has been settled in the author's mind beforehand, moving more quickly than nature, for the characters are pressed for time; and in spite of the momentary surprises and apparent deviations from that straight path which supervene in the most skilful way, the end remains a foregone conclusion. This is the main fault of a very fine book, filled with fresh and vivid imagination and an abundant sense of life. It is written with exhilarating force and economy, and as a story it never flags for a moment.

There is no choice for anyone interested in the contemporary novel but to read it.

Seed of Adam is well described on the cover as 'an outstanding first novel of passion and power'. It is a best-seller in the grand old style, which is to say that it depends for its appeal on solid and positive virtues as well as on the usual weaknesses. There is no denying Mrs. Campbell's power. The description of the dingy hairdresser's shop at the beginning is excellent and has a vigour which reminds one of Balzac, and the account of the *Lustmord* which presently follows has certainly unusual force. But that force, one sees after a while, when one has got used to it, is quite undirected, save by a few noble platitudes. The main figure in the story is Mullins, who is one of the assistants in the hairdresser's. It is he who commits the murders, driven by an obscure sense of frustration and inferiority. He begins as a credible figure, until the author's energy, too remorselessly directed upon him, begins to distort his outlook. He is finally arrested and brought to trial. The judge, a man well-known for his self-righteous integrity, discovers, just before he makes his address to the jury, that the prisoner is his illegitimate son. He sums up, secures a death sentence, and pronounces it with visible signs of emotion. Later he is troubled by remorse, and dies seeing a vision of reconciliation with his son. Mrs. Campbell attacks this theme in the high spirit of Corelli. Through every sentence she writes comes the impression of a vigorous and passionate personality. The book has a power resembling that of good popular oratory, where words such as humanity, freedom, justice and love rouse emotions which they probably would not rouse if they were uttered with a different, and possibly more critical, inflection. It carries us up into the wet tumult of the vaguer and loftier emotions and gives us a thorough sousing. Mrs. Campbell's view of life as expressed in this novel is extravagantly melodramatic. Yet she can leave no reader indifferent, her energy is so sanguine and spontaneous; if the book becomes a best-seller, it will almost deserve it.

The Goose-Man is one of Jacob Wassermann's earlier novels, and was written before he perfected the method of strict psychological development which makes his later books so impressive. As a story, it is somewhat formless and patchy, but it has had an extraordinary popular success, almost three hundred thousand copies of it having been sold, it appears, in Germany. The touch of Corelli is in the chief character, Daniel Nothafft, a musical genius whose soul is saved by the providential destruction of all his musical compositions. The author of *The Sorrows of Satan* would have made Daniel express his highflown sentiments nobly; Wassermann makes him express them 'dryly'; but that seems to be the sole difference. But, leaving Daniel aside, the book contains an astonishingly large crowd of the most masterly portraits evoked with almost hypnotic sureness, and producing that sense of steady and effortless creation which one receives only from the work of great novelists. Wassermann's women are exquisitely drawn, without any traceable evidence of masculine prejudice or sentimentality; and that is one of the hardest tests that can be applied to establish the objectivity of a work of masculine imagination. Wassermann's everyday characters are as good as his eccentric or pathological ones; he seems to have the key to all the human emotions; and he is never conventional or falsely cynical in his description of them. He almost stolidly sees them as they are, yet with an endlessly sensitive discrimination. *The Goose-Man* is not one of his best novels, but it shows, even more clearly than some of these, how splendid his natural endowment was, and how high his conception of his function as a novelist. He was certainly one of the most remarkable writers of his time, and it is to be hoped that this novel, which is popular in appeal, and yet a work of real importance, will send readers to his later and more ambitious works.

Mr. Muir also recommends *Heron*, by Romilly Cavan (Dent); *The Thibaults*, by Roger Martin du Gard (Lane); *Striker Godown*, by Thomas Bell (Eyre and Spottiswoode)—all 7s. 6d.; and *Blind Men Crossing a Bridge*, by Susan Miles (Constable), 10s.